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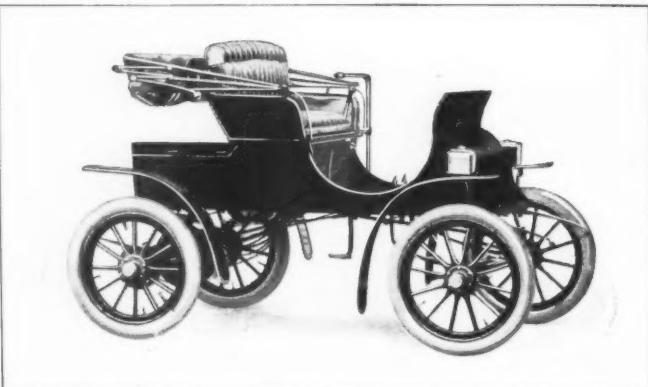
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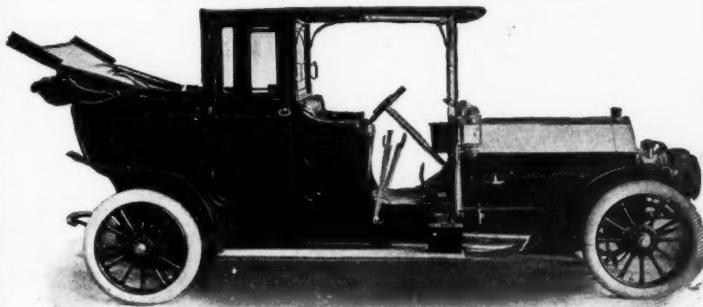
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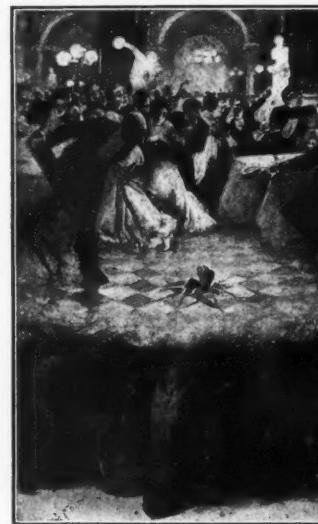
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THE SILENT WAR

BY JOHN AMES MITCHELL

Author of "Amos Judd," "The Pines of Lory," "Villa Claudia," etc

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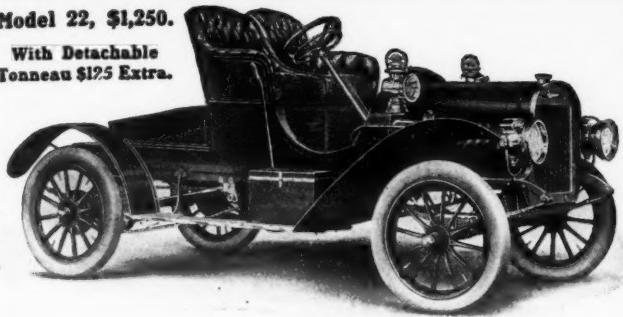
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The Literary Zoo

DR. MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN, poet and man of letters, who was recently appointed by President Roosevelt to succeed Mr. Bonaparte on the Board of Indian Commissioners, and with whom rumor has still more recently taken liberties in connection with the post of ambassador to Japan, would unquestionably adorn the diplomatic service if a wide and deep knowledge both of life and letters counts for anything. Dr. Egan's ancestry is both Irish and French, which sufficiently accounts for his literary style at its best, and why his *melier*, which he has seen fit to sacrifice to more serious purposes, is that admixture of learning with *esprit* and Hibernian humor which convinces even the modern magazine editor that the essay is not necessarily an obsolete form of literary composition. Dr. Egan is a serious man who permits levity to crop out in his conversation as well as in his writings. Hence, he is a frequent source of astonishment, if not bewilderment, to ponderous persons who confound scholarship with dulness, and dignity of mind with the elephantine attitude. As an exponent and critic of poetry, Dr. Egan combines rare qualities of insight and analysis. No one knows this better than he does, but it does not prevent him from enjoying a joke at the expense of his earnest endeavors to promote the study of metric forms among the young people of Washington who seek his advice. In this he is not deterred by the unpromising mental latitude of the literary aspirant. On one occasion he sought to enlighten a youthful disciple on the subject of Tennyson. But he fell into the grievous error which the modern expounder of literature seldom makes. He did not talk much about Tennyson; he simply gave a volume of the complete poems to the aspirant, with a few brief hints, and let it go at that. Disciple and Doctor met some weeks later. Said the Doctor to the disciple, "And how do you like Tennyson?" The disciple's face beamed with intelligence. "Oh, I haven't finished it yet," she said.

A hobby with Dr. Egan is comparative literature—the influence of an author upon the tribe of authors, across seas and through generations. It is a big subject, but a dangerous one for the unwary. The Gossip who pens this is painfully aware of the pitfalls. Once upon a time he attended a meeting of a real ladies' lit—no, a real literary club for ladies. His attendance was not purely voluntary, and so his conscience acquits him of indiscretion when he records that the Minervas foregathered in Boston. Furthermore, that the theme was Lincoln. Also, that one lady who seemed to have a considerable voice in the assemblage arose and said with what to the Gossip seemed unnecessary emphasis: "Lincoln! Let us consider that without

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LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY
17 West Thirty-first Street, New York City

The Literary Zoo

Goethe there would have been no Lincoln!" The Gossip does not remember whether the invitation to debate was accepted or not. He is of a frivolous disposition, the room was packed, and egress was easy. But he has often considered that thesis since, generally with a certain profit to himself; and the coming of the Great Emancipator's birthday, linked as it is with this excursion into comparative literature, seems to warrant this harmless disclosure. Probably if the gathering had been of men, there would have been those among them who had never heard of Goethe (the late H. C. Bunner delighted in rhyming the sacred name with "teeth"), or who, much less, could conjure up the esoteric connection.

But this is a digression. Aside from such pitfalls, the study of comparative literature is fascinating. Dr. Egan, in his serious vein, has indicated some of its rewards and noted its surprises. He has related how a certain thoughtful friend pointed to the shelves of his bookcase, where Epictetus and Shakespeare were placed in proximity. This curiously arranged contact proceeded, it appeared, from the Shakespearean line, "There's nothing either good or bad but thinking makes it so," being original in thought, and almost identical in the actual expression of it, with Epictetus.

Had Dr. Egan and his thoughtful friend been familiar with the records of another unique mind, a third adjoining volume on the shelf of that bookcase might very properly have been that extraordinary production, "Science and Health," by the New England philosopher, Mrs. Mary Baker Glover Eddy, whose life and letters are just now undergoing an appreciation at the hands of that speakable Scot, Mr. McClure. And for a fourth relating volume, the Gossip would suggest the *Meditations* of one Marcus Aurelius, whom the spectacle of sundry Christians within his jurisdiction boiling in oil did not deter from formulating a philosophy that for lack of a better name we may call Pagan Science. The "key to the Scriptures," as discovered by Mrs. Eddy, is naturally lacking, but the twin volumes as comparative literature are likewise both positive and superlative and afford not a deadly, but a lively parallel for all minds given to browsing in literary byways.

Of course, the influence of Epictetus on the Bard of Avon is not more apparent than the influence of his thought, if not his style, upon Mrs. Eddy. "It is not things, but the opinions about the things, that trouble mankind." Mrs. Eddy may have said that—the Gossip is not sure; but Epictetus said it first. However, the copyright has expired. Yet we find comparisons more copious when we come to consider Mrs. Eddy and the Emperor. In

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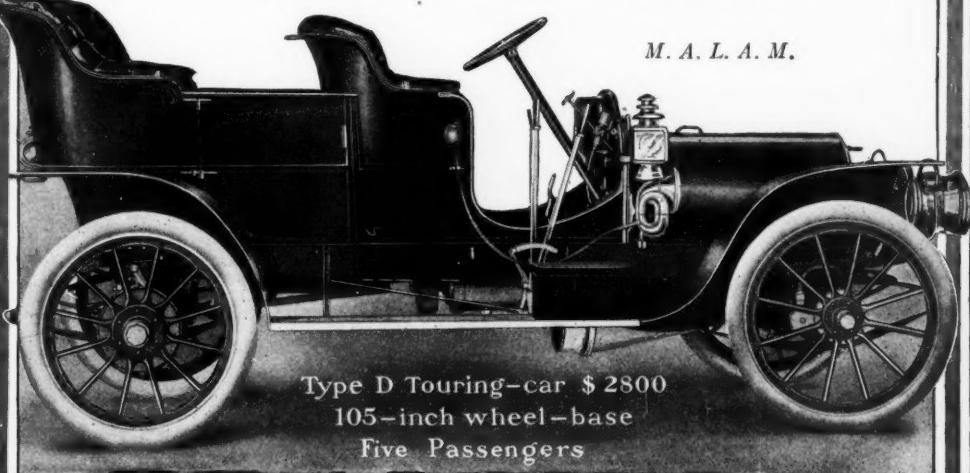
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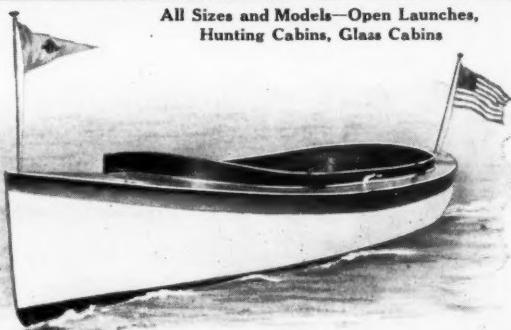
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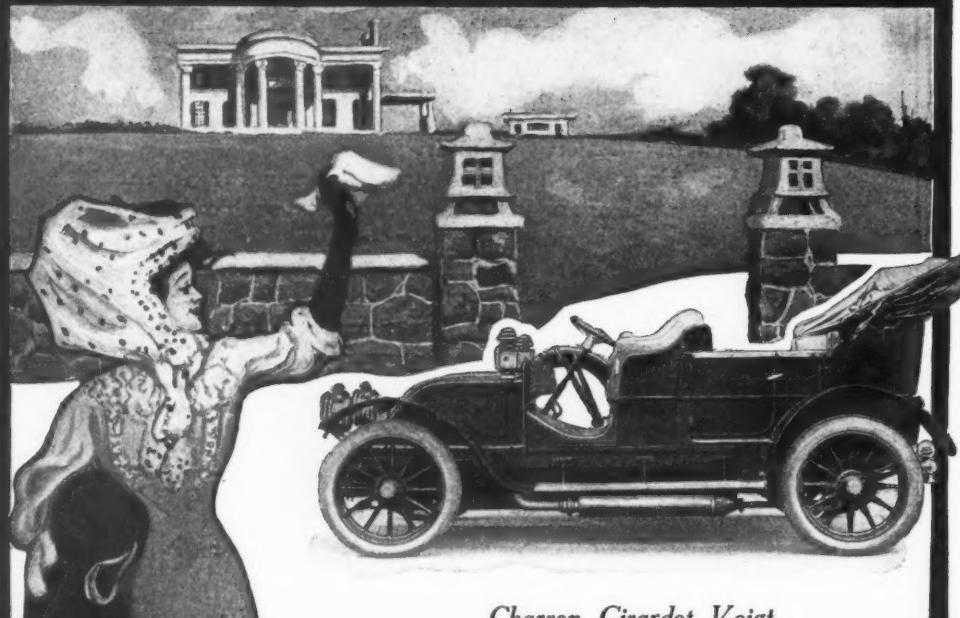


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The Literary Zoo

the course of Andrew Lang's illuminative essay on the poetic works of Thomas Haynes Bayley, the ingenuous Andrew found himself quoting verse, and wondering whether it was his or Bayley's—the trick of it seemed so easy. The same confusion worse confounded arises in comparing the Meditations with the monumental work of the New England philosopher. Style, no doubt, "is the woman," no less than the man; but style is out of style, and to expect an humble maker of copy, like the Gossip, to discriminate between the mere manner of the Roman and the American author is just as absurd as to insist that style should count in the making of current fiction. So your superficial chronicler of small beer, who cannot be expected to consult authorities, but who has the vulgar gift of memory for the quotations, modestly offers two paragraphs in conjunction: "Outward objects cannot take hold of the soul, nor force their passage into her, nor set any of her wheels going. No; the impression comes from herself, and it is her own motions which affect her." "Sound is a mental impression made on human belief. The ear really hears not."

The Gossip, however, was more successful in identifying this paragraph: "Do not suppose you are hurt, and your complaint ceases. Cease your complaint, and you are not hurt." The Emperor really wrote that. But this: "The fact that pain cannot exist where there is no mortal mind to feel it is a proof that this so-called mind makes its own pain—that is, its own *belief in pain*." The Gossip put the question of identification to a Western writer staying in New York, and he answered promptly: "Why a woman wrote that, of course. Marcus Aurelius was an Italian all right, but he *never used italics*."

All of which is respectfully submitted to Dr. Maurice Francis Egan, authority on comparative literature.

DR. LUTHER H. GULICK'S book, "The Efficient Life," which Doubleday, Page and Company will shortly bring out, shows the way to live in order to get the most physical satisfaction out of life while doing a real share of the world's work. The various chapters will be as follows: Speed, Life That Is Worth While, Efficiency, Neck Against Collar, Fatigue, Sleep, Pain—The Danger Signal, Stimulants and Other Whips, The Bath for Body and Soul, States of Mind and States of Body, Vitality—The Armor of Offense, Waste, Exercise—Its Use and Abuse, The Business of Digestion, Meat, Drink and the Table.

If any one is able to digest all this advice, he doesn't need the book. His constitution is too good.

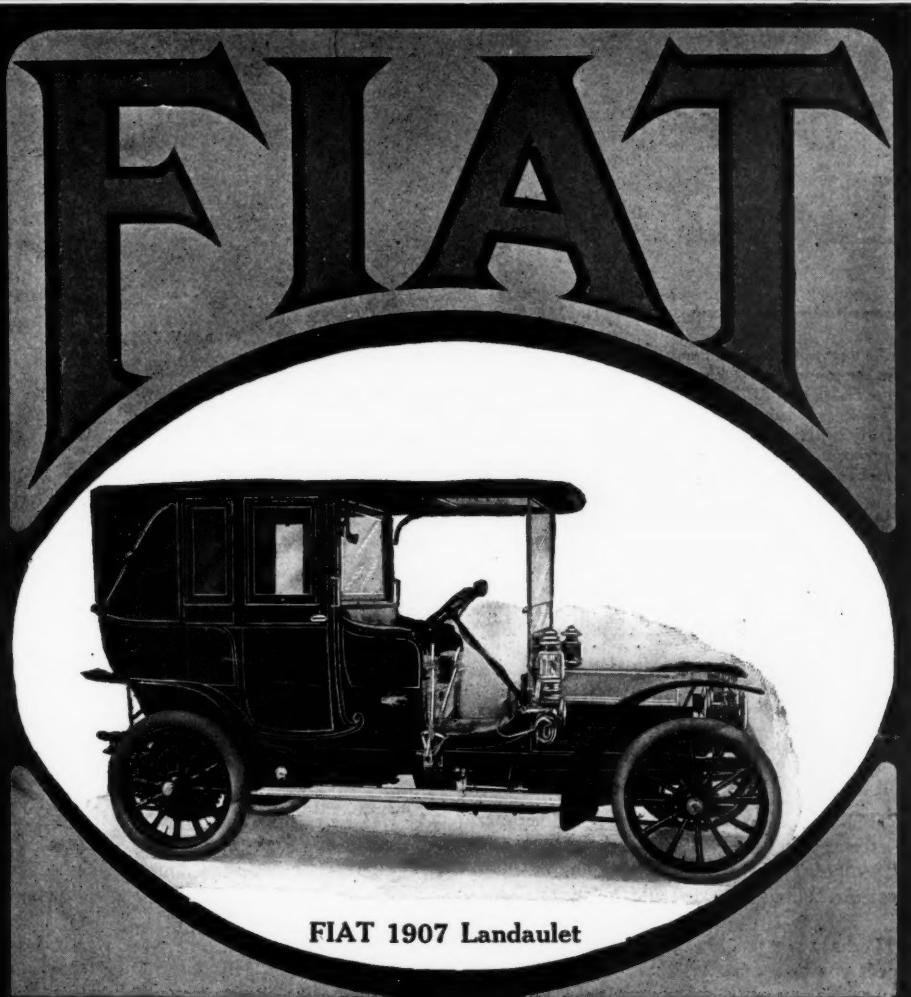
The Literary Zoo

IN THEIR characteristically reticent announcements, the publishers of "Friday, the 13th," which is about to issue piping hot from the press, do its modest author an injustice. This novel is not Mr. Thomas W. Lawson's first essay in fiction, and to proclaim it as such is so obviously unfair to that decorative literary artist that we hasten to anticipate the protests that are sure to be made against such a slander. Since Mr. Lawson put himself in the forefront of the new-journalists-who-do-things, along with Mr. Arthur Brisbane, and planted his pen on the battlements of the ten-cent magazines, the owls and bats of literature have attempted to discredit his claims to originality. They say that like certain men of action who have entered the literary ranks through the medium of the great 35-cent periodicals, his style is not all his own; that, like Louis Stevenson, in his revelation of Yoshida-Torajiro, it was "but his hand that held the pen." It is a privilege to assure the public, on unquestioned authority, that such rumors are but the emanations of envy, and that Mr. Lawson's power of vivid characterization is the outward sign of an inward temperament. His service in behalf of the Adjective alone—a part of speech endangered to the point of desuetude—entitles him to the gratitude of all literary tinkers; while Rhetoric—which had languished till its restoration by Mr. John Brisben Walker in the *Cosmopolitan* curriculum—must ever reverberate with his praise. The keeper of the lions' cage in the Literary Zoo will please open the gate with a slam. Mr. Lawson is once more lashing the air, and it isn't safe to keep him in the arena.

QUITELY a delightful tale is told of the late Walter Pater's failure to give marks to certain essays for the final grading of students and his reason for failure to meet the obligation. Pater, being one of a committee to pass upon examination essays, professed when it came to the giving of an account to be wholly unable to say anything at all, shaking his head wearily at reiterated questions, and asseverating, "No, nothing struck me; nothing struck me at all; all the essays were very much alike." Finally, his colleagues suggested that if they read aloud the names of the men who had submitted the essays he might be able to give some opinion. He submitted, finally, brightening visibly at the name "Sanctuary," and saying, with soft glee: "Ah, yes, I remember. Give him a first. I liked his name so much." The tales of his special tolerance toward the pranks of undergraduates, too, are delightful. Being consulted upon measures to be taken against students who persisted in bonfires in the squad, he objected that, on the other hand, "they do light up the tower of St. Mary's beautifully."—*Bellman.*



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THERE had been a fatal railroad accident and the reporter sought information.

"See here," said the official, testily, "you fellows must think we have accidents for your benefit."

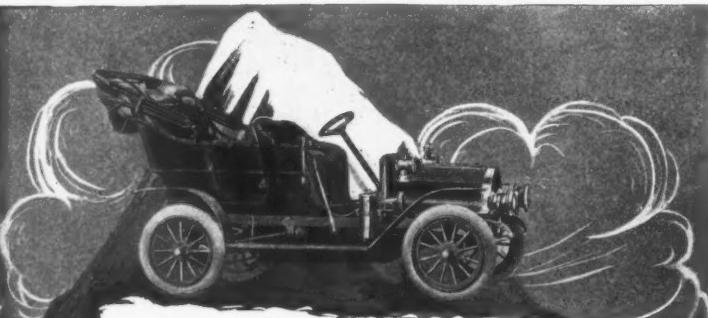
"Perhaps you wouldn't mind telling me whose benefit you do have them for?" rejoined the reporter.

But even touching this point the official was reticent.—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

Dog Went to School

A LITTLE Indian boy who attended the Government schools at Keshena had a habit of going to school every morning at eight o'clock with his black dog, "Nigger," and returning home every evening at four o'clock.

One day the little boy became sick and was unable to go to school, but "Nigger" was on deck and went alone at eight o'clock and back at four o'clock every day for a whole week.—*St. Paul Dispatch*.



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16-20 horse-power.
94-inch wheel-base.
Detachable tonneau.
Two speeds and reverse.
REO disc clutch.
40 miles an hour.
Full lamp equipment

\$1,250

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MR. HARRIMAN'S money has evidently earned the right to be alluded to as "the toiling millions."—*New Orleans Times-Democrat*.

BY HER first large gift Mrs. Sage indicates nonbelief in the theory that one who can afford to give must restrain the generous impulse unless people who cannot afford to give donate an equal amount.—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

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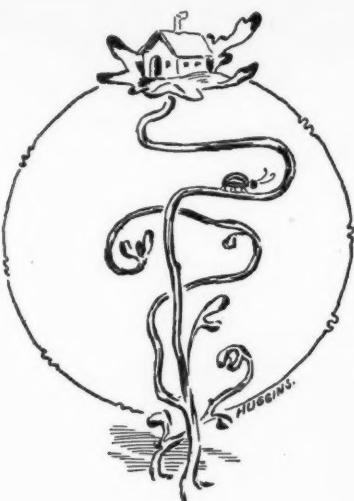
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GIRL wanted: German, Dutch or Swede
Must be good-looking and polite;
Good cook, and one we will not need

To watch to have her do things right.
Must care for baby, wash and bake;

And keep things looking clean and neat;
Must sweep and have the beds to make.

Address, J. P., 10 Umpathy Street.

Second Week

Girl wanted: White, with reference;
Not over twenty-five years old
Her looks are of no consequence

If she will do just as she's told.
No washing will she have to do;

She can sit down with us to eat;
Have Sunday afternoons off, too.

Address, J. P., 10 Umpathy Street.

Third Week

Girl wanted: White or colored; one
Who'd like a homelike place to stay;
There is no cooking to be done;

She can lay off at 3 each day.

Will let her have the parlor nights,

Where with her "steady" she can meet;
And she can exercise her rights.

Address, J. P., 10 Umpathy Street.

Fourth Week

Girl wanted: White, black, green or blue;
Her age will cut no ice at all;

There's very little work to do;

Can have the front room off the hall,
My wife will cook; we both will wait

Until she's had a chance to eat;

Her own conditions she may state.

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Fifth Week

Girl wanted: Any kind or size;
No matter if she cannot bake;

Her own will she may exercise,

If our home she will not forsake.

In fact she needn't work a bit,

But simply stay there looking sweet.

Who knows a girl that this will fit?

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—Ridgway's.

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The Literary Zoo

"THE ART OF THE SINGER" invites attention. As operagoers we would reap all benefit from the competition of Herr Conried and Impresario Hammerstein; we would acquire the culture which enables us to cry "Bis!" at the proper time or to keep a critical silence. Comfortably settled, we leisurely turn the pages of W. J. Henderson's informing work, when the voice of the publisher breaks in upon us: "Here's your latest edition! 'Sea Yarns for Boys.'" And that, too, is by Mr. Henderson.

Not only these books, but a dozen others, are the output of his amazing industry—books musical and marine, books of poetry and of practical instruction. Never at sea about singing, he can sing out an order at sea. Pierian, Apollonian, saline, the varied flow of that fountain pen is incessant; and expert the performance, be he wearing the bays, driving the musical chariot of the *Sun* or pacing the quarter-deck. Behold a poet who can produce a poem, set it to music, sing it while accompanying himself on the piano, and then, if he has a mind to, turn and rend it piece-meal with a consummate critical art. A musical mentor, he might easily have been an admiral. Equally at home on the high seas of Neptune and of song, a "flaw in the wind" never finds him napping, let it whistle through the rigging of a yacht or orchestrally affront him in "The Flying Dutchman." A lieutenant of the New York Naval Militia, the dog-days disclose him a cruiser in summer seas, a contributor to the editorial page. In the piping times of peace he prepares his "Elements of Navigation," and forthwith finds it prized by all seagoing amateurs; war calls its heroes to Walhalla, and we discover him aboard the old-time monitor "Nahant." The music critics complain that "covering" two operatic performances on the same night is a formidable task. Can this be true of Mr. Henderson?—"three gentlemen at once," as Mrs. Malaprop remarked of Cerberus. Theory has it that the German Emperor is really a syndicate, yet no one has thus accounted for Mr. Henderson's activities. He used to be the music critic of the *Times*; but that did not content him. He learned the duties of financial editor, of city editor; there was no post on the staff that he could not occupy in an emergency. Once he assumed the functions of dramatic critic on the *Sun*, temporarily, while that journal was casting about for a successor to James Huneker. He did not take kindly to the task. "I find myself wondering what to say," he explained. "The trouble is, there seem to be no standards of comparison in the drama of to-day."

As associate editor of the Standard Dictionary, Mr. Henderson contributed a number of words which he may set to

The Literary Zoo

music some day, but his leisure moments are rather taken up with lecturing of late. He has ceased his contributions to the comic papers, and reserves his humor for the *Sun*, which exacts a light touch in the treatment of oratorios and symphonies that might otherwise be taken too seriously.

Mr. Henderson's musical mantle fell from the paternal shoulders that bore the grateful burden of the Henderson Opera Company. Music was his birthright, and he has accepted the inheritance, yet there are times when the mantle hangs heavy. "Preach me no heaven of insensate rest," he once sang in *Scribner's*:

Must I intone the wide hereafter out
In dulcet choirings with young seraphim?

* * *

Why, let the angels sing and strike the harp
To pious chords; they never knew aught else.

* * *

Then preach me not of everlasting rest,
A heaven of harps and oratorio.
If that be heaven, then let me stay without.

ALONG with a good deal of matter that has little value, "Lincolns" (Putnam's), collected and edited by Henry Llewellyn Williams, contains the classic utterances of Abraham Lincoln, together with anecdotes, colloquialisms and extracts from speeches and addresses, that afford a comprehensive view of his mind and character. We venture to reproduce from the little book, at an appropriate time, some things that the general reader will not find threadbare with frequent repetition:

"Wealth is a superfluity of what we don't need."—President Lincoln to Locke ("Petroleum V. Nasby").

The Ideal Income in the Fifties

On Lincoln's Eastern tour, with the view of making him known outside of his "section," he visited New York. Meeting another of the "Illini," who had prospered, and who told him that he had made a hundred thousand dollars, Lincoln remarked:

"I have the cottage [a two-story wooden frame house, with extension, eight rooms] in Springfield, and about eight thousand dollars in money. If they make me Vice-President with Seward, as some say they will, I hope I shall be able to increase it to twenty thousand; and that is as much as any man ought to want."

"A Land of Free Speech"

When Lincoln was in partnership with John T. Stuart, they had offices directly over the courtroom in Springfield. This allowed them to overhear the proceedings below them, much after the mode in which D'Artagnan, in the "Musketeers," listened at the trap-hole in his floor to what went on beneath it. There was, indeed, a movable board, and at the aperture, reclining at full length, Lincoln would take note of the progress of a case until the fit moment for his attendance.

During a holiday of the bench, a crowd filled the courtroom, and a friend of Lincoln, Edward D. Baker, was addressing them,



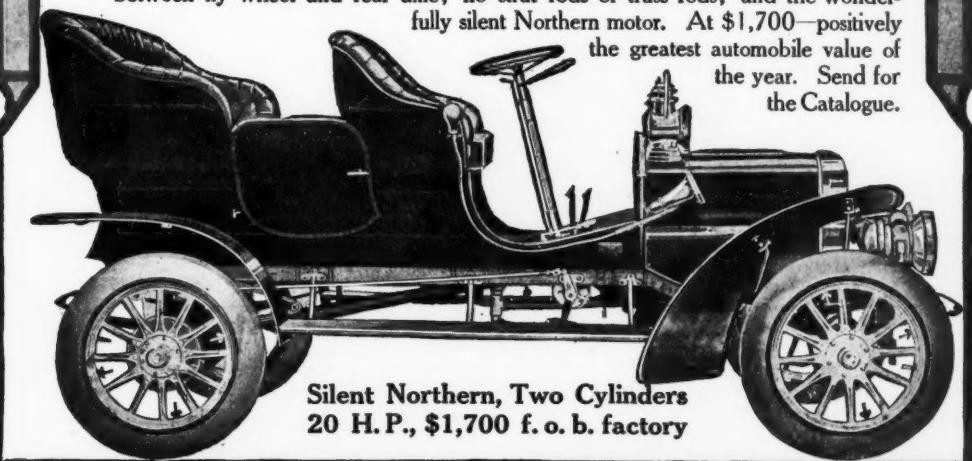
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are
Particularly
Appropriate

The Literary Zoo

when something adverse in his harangue incited the unruly to assault the speaker and to pull him down. By a happy chance, Lincoln was lending his ear to the discussion, and, peering down through the hole in the floor, perceived the danger of his friend. Immediately, without delaying to run around and descend by the stairs, he thrust his big feet and long legs through the opening and dropped like a bolt out of the sky into the *melee*.

Picking up a water-jug, and striking an attitude of defense, he shouted:

"Hold on, gentlemen, this is a land of free speech! Mr. Baker has a right to be heard. I am here to protect him, and no man shall take him from this stand if I can prevent it."

This dictum of the *deus ex machina* imposed order, and the orator was allowed to continue his speech.

All Hands and No Mouths

"I hold that if the Almighty had ever made a set of men that should do all the eating and none of the work, He would have made them with mouths only and no hands; and if He had ever made another class that He intended should do all the work and no eating, He would have made them with hands only and no mouths."

Litigation

"Discourage litigation! There will still be business enough."—*Notes for a lecture on the law*.

How Many Legs Will a Sheep Have?

President Lincoln replied to a deputation, one of many urging immediate slave-emancipation when the proposition was not yet framed as a bill:

"If I issue a proclamation now, as you suggest, it will be as ineffectual as the Pope's bull against the comet. It cannot be forced. Now, by way of illustration—how many legs will a sheep have if you call his tail a leg?"

They all answered "Five."

"You are mistaken, for calling a tail a leg does not make it so."

The Retort Effectual

Replying to the argument of a wordy legal opponent, Lincoln said

"My friend on the other side is all right, or would be all right, were it not for the peculiarity I am about to chronicle. His habit—of which you have witnessed a very painful specimen in his argument to you in this case—of reckless assertion and statements without grounds need not be imputed to him as a moral fault or as telling of a moral blemish. He can't help it. For reasons which, gentlemen of the jury, you and I have not the time to study here, as deplorable as they are surprising, the oratory of the gentleman completely suspends all action of his mind. The moment he begins to talk, his mental operations cease. I never knew of but one thing which compared with my friend in this particular. That was a small steamboat. Back in the days when I performed my part as a keel boatman [1830], I made the acquaintance of a trifling little steamboat which used to bustle and puff and wheeze about the Sangamon River. It had a five-foot boiler

The Literary Zoo

and a seven-foot whistle, and every time it whistled it stopped."

His Tender Heart

Judge Holt had the matter of a deserter in hand and brought the papers to the President to have him sign the death-warrant. Judge Holt expected, of course, that he would write "Approved" on the paper; but the President, running his long fingers through his hair, as he so often used to do when in anxious thought, replied, "Well, after all, Judge, I think I must put this with my leg cases."

"*Leg cases,*" said Judge Holt, with a frown at this supposed levity of the President in a case of life or death. "What do you mean by *leg cases, sir?*"

"Why," replied Mr. Lincoln, "do you see these papers crowded into those pigeon-holes? They are the cases that you call by that long title, 'Cowardice in the face of the enemy,' but I call them, for short, my 'leg cases.' But I put it to you, and I leave it for you to decide for yourself: If Almighty God gives a man a cowardly pair of legs how can he help their running away with him?"

THE forthcoming book about hunting by Grace "Galloping" Seton, as she is familiarly known to the publishing fraternity, is entitled "Nimrod's Wife"—doubtless a delicate allusion to the prowess of her husband. Mrs. Seton was graduated from the "woman tenderfoot" class some time ago, and those who have looked upon her comeliness, and observed her aptitude for "the open," insist that some title including "Diana" would more fittingly characterize her sketches of Far Western adventure. The Thompson Setons, when they have no professional engagements to meet wild animals, make their conventional abode at Cos Cob, Conn., but they have many tokens about them that keep them in touch with natural history; in fact, they possess a rather elaborate zoo—so far as the skin—of four-footed friends whom they have known more or less intimately in the flesh. The collection, needless to say, does not include the epidermis of the celebrated snake whose exploit, in the relation, has been credited to the Setons' brother-naturalist, John Burroughs. This particular family of snakes, so the story went, were made the object of a peculiar pastime by a certain unfeeling neighbor of the narrator's. He would fare forth in the woods until he scared up a serpent, which would invariably make for its hole. Then, just as it was disappearing, he would seize it by the tail, drag it out, and cast it to a distance. One day while engaged in this pursuit he met a reptile that retreated, as usual. But on reaching its hole it wriggled down slowly tail first, until only its head remained above ground. "Then," said the veracious naturalist, "it disappeared—slightly sneering as it went."

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This most desirable and long-sought-for effect is obtained in the MELODANT ANGELUS by the performer simply using the pedals in the ordinary manner. Thus with an ANGELUS equipped with the MELODANT the performer has at his command two methods of accentuation.

He can accent either, automatically by means of the MELODANT or, by his own manipulation of the Melody Buttons, which have been and which still are one of the most valuable features of the ANGELUS.

NO OTHER PIANO-PLAYER CAN OFFER SO MUCH

The addition of the MELODANT does not impair the efficiency nor detract from the value of the simple yet complete expression devices also found upon the ANGELUS. These will still be the means for individual interpretation, which to many persons constitutes the chief and unrivaled charm of our instrument. The ANGELUS is absolutely the only piano-player with whose aid the best artistic results can be obtained.

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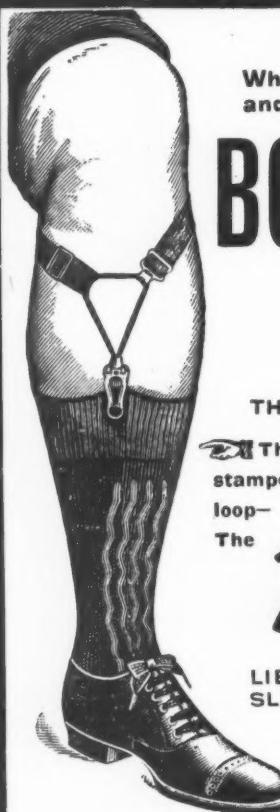
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LIFE



HOW THE OTHER HALF LIVES
ANY PLEASANT AFTERNOON

Mystery

SEE the great railroad.
What is the object which the great railroad is continually turning?

That is the deaf ear.

And those small potatoes yonder, what are they unless the long-suffering public?

The small potatoes which you see are none other than the long-suffering public.

What are the long-suffering public going to do about it?

They are going to cause the great railroad to sit up and take notice.

But will not this be an invasion of the rights of property?

Unquestionably.

Why, then, are not the public overtaken with a sense of shame?

Nobody knows. That is one of the mysteries of our age.

Deluded

The boy who does not begin to earn his living before he is sixteen is not the boy who is most likely to become a captain of industry or to make a great name in any field of effort.—*Hartford Times*.

OH, GO 'long! In most of the more attractive fields of effort a broad and thorough preliminary education continuing long past the age of sixteen is so great an advantage that it is almost indispensable to distinguished success. Premature wage-earning, involving a stoppage of general education, has dwarfed and restricted the careers of a thousand promising boys where it has helped one.

EDWARD EVERETT HALE says: "Speak every day to some one whom you know is your superior." Many who read this advice will think they cannot follow it—save when they kneel in prayer.

As We Journey Through Life

THE airship man, sailing over the steeple,
Looks down on the crawling auto people.

The man in the foreign car majestic
Looks down on the folk in the car domestic.

The man in the auto chuf-chuf-chug-gy
Looks down on the man with the horse and buggy.

The man who must drive when he wants to travel
Looks down on the man who must trudge the gravel.

The man who must walk has a peevish frown on—
There's nobody left that he may look down on!

SOME men never know when to let bad luck alone.

• LIFE •



"While there is Life there's Hope."

VOL. XLIX. MARCH 7, 1907. NO. 1271.
17 WEST THIRTY-FIRST STREET, NEW YORK.



WHAT we read in these days about other countries makes ours seem a particularly steady, conservative land. In England, the Liberals are threatening to abolish the House of Lords because it will not agree to a school bill that suits the Commons. If David Graham Phillips threatened seriously to abolish our Senate, and seemed to have the means to do it, we should feel that our institutions were rocking from side to side. Now the Liberal party in England is a strong concern and really may modify the House of Lords, unless the Lords stop obstructing, but meals continue to be served regularly in London, and people have the hardihood to eat them, with the customary fluid accompaniments.

And consider France, and the troubles between the Church and the French Government. If it happened here that the Government seized all the meeting-houses and prescribed the terms on which their late owners should be permitted to worship in them, we would think this was no longer a free country. Our moderate embarrassments about the regulation of railroads and other corporations and the clashes that result from our system of dual sovereignty cut no great figure when compared with this church conflict in France.

There is some prospect that it will presently be worked out on some tolerable basis which, though satisfactory to no one, will be accepted by all. The belief, so strongly held in English-speaking countries, that Frenchmen are not adapted to achieve salvation anyhow, tends to make it seem a matter of minor consequence whether they go to church or not, or have churches to go to. But this view, plausible as it is, is a narrow one, and probably a good deal tainted by preju-

dice. Almost anybody will concede, for example, that some French women are good and will be saved. But where there are good women there are bound to be good men. On general principles we must conclude that in Paradise there will be maintained some reasonable equality of sex. For certainly we cannot doubt that if women believed that an overwhelming majority of the beneficiaries of salvation would be from their sex, a great many of them would give up being good and take their chances with the men. Wherefore, we must conclude that the maintenance of religion in France is worth while, and must hope that the troubles of State and Church in that country will take such a turn as to put religion on a better and freer and more beneficent footing than it ever attained before.

OF THE ins and outs of the current dispute it has been hard to keep track. To American minds the primary purpose of the French Government to disassociate Church and State must seem right, while the wholesale confiscation of church property, old and new, and the dictation of strict conditions under which the churches may be used for public worship, are entirely contrary to anything in our experience and to our ideas of freedom and fair play. But there is vastly more politics mixed into the church question in France than there is in any church question here, and vastly more history behind it. We shall have to leave this difficulty for the French people to settle unaided to any great extent by our advice, comforting ourselves meanwhile by the recollection that the Catholic Church has been established in France for a thousand years or more, and has exercised enormous influence there and that the people of France ought to know by this time whether it is useful to them or not. If it cannot get its dues from the people whom it has trained, it would seem as if there must be something seriously defective in its methods or position.

IN GERMANY the Government has beaten the Socialists hands down in an election to determine whether money should be appropriated to sustain the

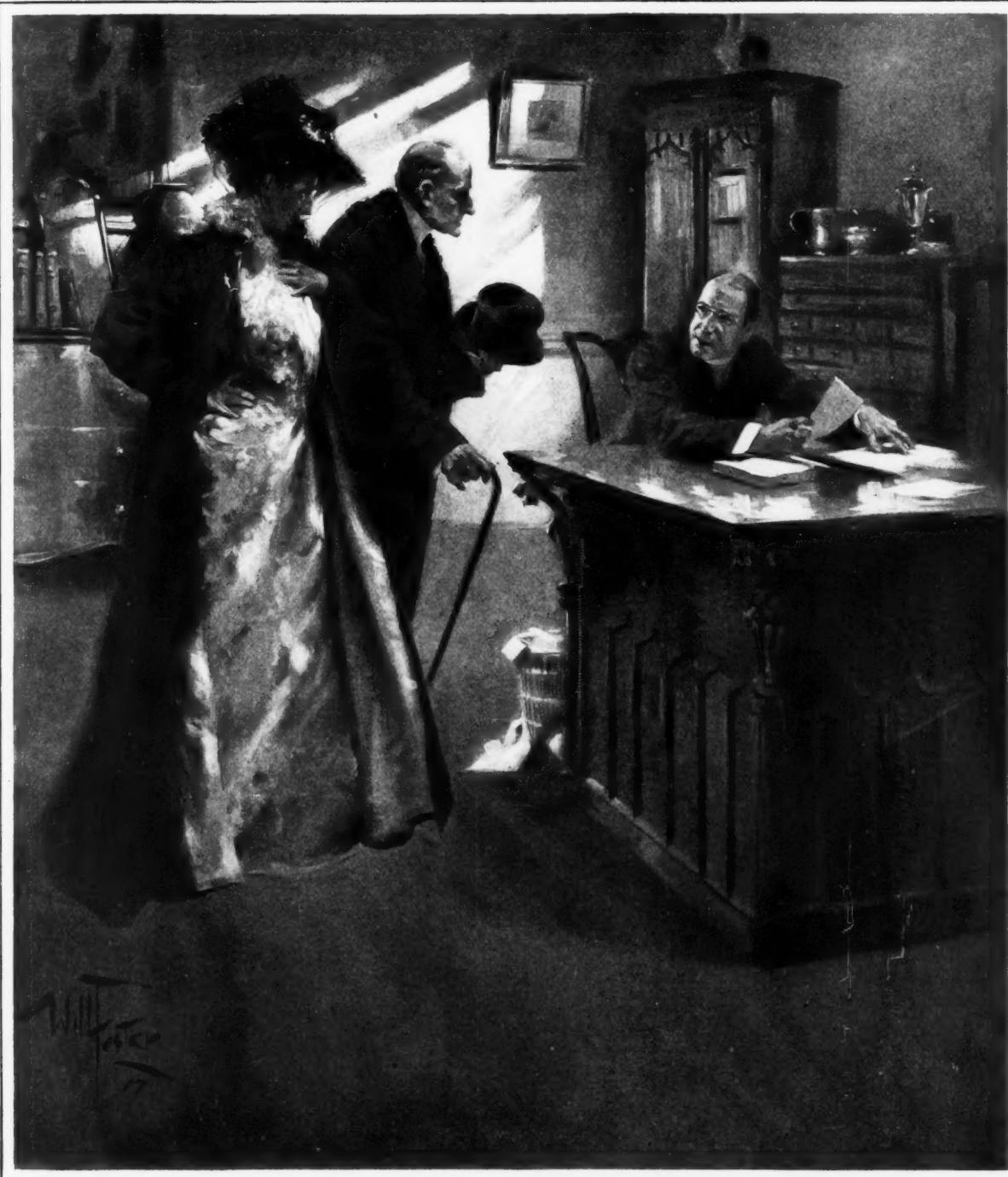
German colonial policy. So far as we are able to learn, Germany's colonial policy, though, perhaps, not quite so disadvantageous as ours, is exceedingly unprofitable and might be closed out to the advantage of the empire. Nevertheless, it is not so dangerous or expensive as the Socialists might be, and the Government's victory makes for tranquillity in the German mind.

We regret to notice from extracts from the German papers, cabled from Berlin, that this tranquillity has been slightly ruffled by dissatisfaction over the deportment of our Mr. Henry Lehr, of Newport, at Court entertainments in Berlin. His clothes, it is said, did not conform to the German standards, and his manners were criticised. These are distressing stories, but we must bear them. We cannot afford a difficulty with Germany until we are sure that we have pacified Japan.



QUR President has like passions with the rest of us and, if anything, less discretion. Our average discretion is fairly high. We are apprehensive of consequences if we let loose. So, no doubt, is he, but he has let loose so often, and survived, that his prudence may well have become a little impaired. The way to understand the President is not to calculate or cogitate too deeply, or with too profound complexity of inference or premonition, but just to look into one's own heart, so it be it is a fairly honest one, and reason from that. So shall one learn as much of Colonel Roosevelt's motives and purposes as by looking anywhere else, but not the facts or the beliefs on which he acts. Six months ago you could hardly find a man grounded in the subtleties of politics or worldly wisdom who did not think the President would be his own successor, and who did not point out, either that he was working all the time to that end, or else that when the time came he would be more or less easily persuaded or coerced to run. The folks who have thought otherwise are the simple-minded people, who believe that he meant what he said, and that nothing that can enter into calculation will swerve him from his intention. Their view is gaining ground. There is less talk than there was of Roosevelt in 1908.





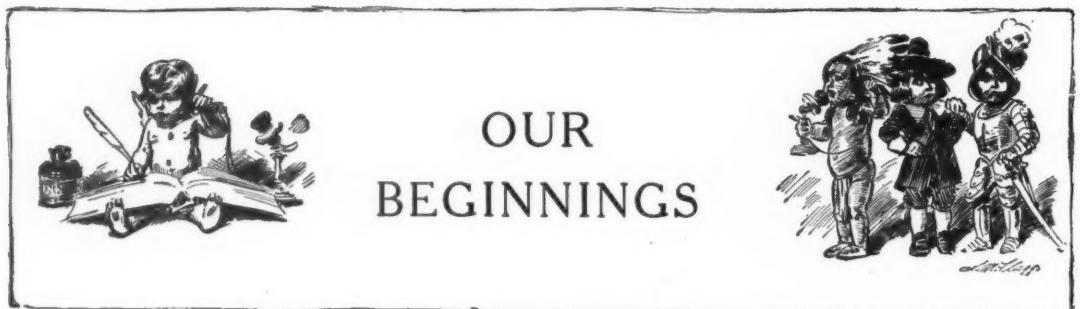
A REDUCED PRICE

Prospective Bridegroom: HOW MUCH WILL YOU CHARGE TO MARRY US?

Minister: TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS.

"ALL RIGHT. BY THE WAY, SIR, I'M OF A JEALOUS NATURE. WOULD YOU MIND NOT KISSING THE BRIDE?"

"VERY WELL, SIR. THE CHARGE IN THAT CASE WILL ONLY BE FIVE DOLLARS."



OUR BEGINNINGS

Hot Weather History

SALEM witchcraft was one of the fads of the day. It was almost as absurd as some of our own fads, although the country was much newer and the cost of living less. Women were actually accused of throwing spells, when nothing is more certain than that a woman can't throw. At the same time, it is to be borne in mind that Puritan girls mostly had hazel eyes, and it is barely possible that the hazel was in some isolated instances witch-hazel.

Anyway, witchery was pretty much done away with, and to this day many women in Massachusetts remain single.

The Puritans had their gentler moods, and it is significant that whereas Salem witchcraft had its day and passed, Medford rum abode. Moreover, there is the beautiful idyl of Miles Standish and John Alden, illustrating for all time how hardly a soldier, who dresses in sheet iron, may press his suit.

There was always more or less friction between the Puritans and the Amalekites, or Indians. The Indians professed to find it inconvenient to be cheated out of their eye-teeth. It is by no means the only instance of inferior people shrinking from their destiny and shirking their part in the great scheme of the universe. Inferior people, indeed, almost invariably had rather be alive than accommodating. It is the mark of their inferiority.

But of course the march of civilization was not to be held up. The chosen race had brought, shrewdly enough, not only an abundance of red calico and glass beads, but sundry vices as well, and all of these, together with the Christian religion, were too much for the aborigines, and they gradually disappeared from the face of the earth.

The origin of the name Philadelphia is

shrouded in mystery. It is thought, however, to be a corruption of the Indian Verydullferyer. From the very earliest

times the natives resorted to the place to escape the rush and roar of the primeval solitude. The Philadelphia trolley system



ARRESTED AS A WITCH IN SALEM, 1692
A SIMPLER METHOD THAN DIVORCE FOR LONG-SUFFERING HUSBANDS



A SALEM WITCH



SUNDAY MORNING IN NEW ENGLAND, 1620
THIS WOULDN'T DRIVE US TO CHURCH NOWADAYS

was not then inaugurated, and politics were in their infancy, but there was deathly stillness enough, even then, to go round.

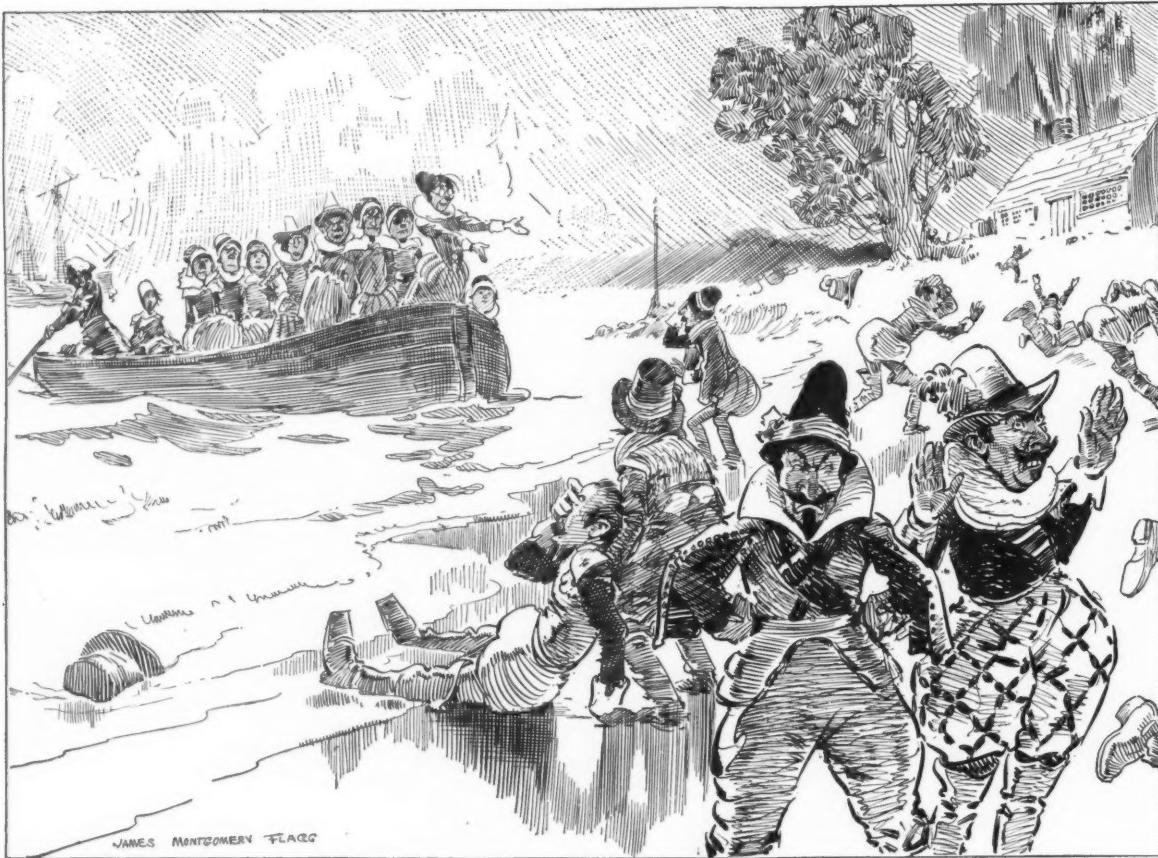
Until Mr. Lincoln Steffens discovered the shame of the cities, Philadelphia was thought to be famous for nothing but scrapple and *The Ladies' Home Journal*. Scrapple is made of meal and hog's liver, or whatever is handy, and people eat it in order to keep awake. When by any oversight they eat too much, they have *The Ladies' Home Journal* for an antidote. This famous publication was established by Benjamin Franklin, and with the limited facilities at his command he doubtless did the best he could, but it remained for Mr. Edward Bok to make it too sweet for almost anything.

Poor Richard had no fewer than three titles to his sobriquet: he was worth less than ten millions, he weighed only 106 pounds and he lived in Philadelphia.

Tradition says that Philadelphia once had a mayor whom right-thinking people (they are very numerous in Philadelphia) regarded with distrust, and therefore prayed for vehemently; so vehemently, indeed, that almost before they knew it he had become a reformer of the most virulent type and by the time they had backed water and got him quieted down, he had made the place look as if a cyclone had struck it.

William Penn, the founder of Philadelphia, was famous for his goodness and his leisurely way of going about it. His panegyrists aver that among all his voluminous correspondence, there is not a single letter which ends with "Excuse haste and a bad Penn."

The Jamestown colonists, being a sim-



A LOAD OF PEACHES FOR JAMESTOWN

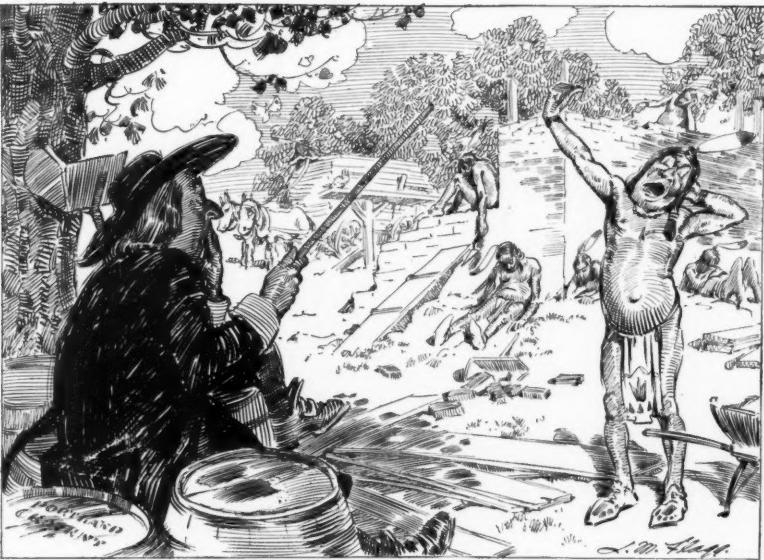
ple people, with only the vaguest sense of proportion, were willing to trade tobacco for wives, a pound of tobacco for a pound of wife. Of course there were not lacking unscrupulous merchandisers to take advantage of their simplicity.

Romances inevitably resulted. A certain planter, for instance, had only a hundred pounds of tobacco, over and above what he needed for his own chewing, and when it transpired that there was only one girl in the world for him,

or, at any rate, in the New World, and that she weighed 180 odd, do you suppose he repined? Not a minute. Love laughs at locksmiths and even jokesmiths, whom almost nobody else laughs at. The lady simply did without



N E X T



WILLIAM PENN STARTS TO FOUND PHILADELPHIA

caramels, drank hot water and went through motions, and though the tobacco was drying out and getting lighter all the time, they were married at last and lived happily as long as they cared to.

The ladies were frowsy frumps and vinegar, and they soon came to be called F. F. V's, for short, a designation which their descendants, with pardonable pride, have retained. Being old skates, they knew just what to do when the colonists met them with a certain iciness, the better as they were in no sense cheap skates.

The colonists expected, now that they were married, to have rather less trouble with the naked savages, but in this they were sorely disappointed. Alas! it is only too true that compassion is a stranger to the red man's breast.

As Others See Us

"AND do the Americans shine in their conversation?" asks the interviewer of the foreigner who has returned to his native land.

"Let me tell you," replies the foreigner. "In mixed company the ladies assemble on one side of the room and all talk at once about cooks and dresses, and the men assemble at the other side of the room and talk about automobiles and money."



MONTCLAIR, N. J. THE EDITOR OF LIFE:

Dear Sir—Can't you do a little better in answering your Dayton, Ohio, critic, in a recent number of LIFE? Tell him that LIFE is the only humorous paper in the world that points the follies and satirizes the weaknesses of human nature without a sting in the epigram or a mean thrust in the satire. Tell him reverence should be given only what is worthy reverence and that to reverence wealth and pretension clothed in sacred garments, fossilized traditions perpetuated to shield cowardice, meaningless conventions that make selfishness more comfortable, is to replace reverence for true religion by a vicious, time-serving servility more damning to the giver than to the recipient. Tell him that when Mammon poses as God it is time to drive the money-changers from the temple and not reverence them merely because they stand in sacred halls. Tell him the trouble with most Sunday-school literature is that it is full of lies and that hypocrisy is the one form of damnation from which there is no escape. Remind him that he who takes all phases of life on the same plane of seriousness spends all his ammunition on the unessential and is powerless and powderless when the great issue comes. Tell him it is as bad to take the light and insignificant things of life too seriously as it is to treat the venerable with

mockery, and remind him that, if the second vice ends in flippancy, the first leads to fanaticism. I might go on—but enough! I am with you.

EDWARD HOWARD GRIGGS.

January 17, 1907.

NEW YORK, N. Y.

Editor Life—What do you of your own knowledge know about Mrs. Eddy or Christian Science? Have you yourself carefully read her writings? If you had you would not be in ignorance of the fact that she does not call herself "Mother" and has not done so at any time. Also that she requested her students to discontinue calling her "Mother" some years ago, and that they now call her "Leader." Not that this matters much, but it is a little fact which serves to indicate the quality of your animus, even if your style had not done this.

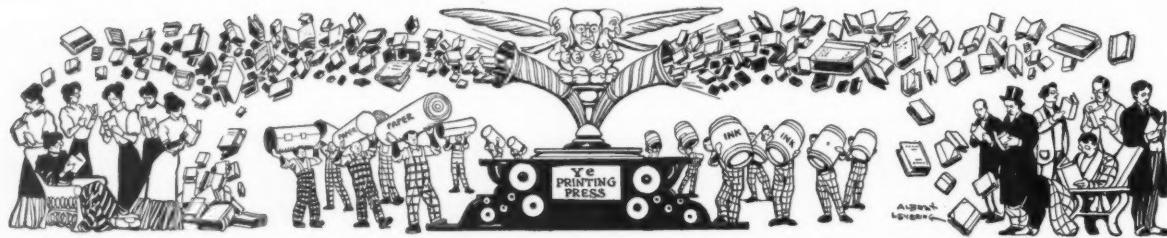
J. R. W.

OAKLAND, CAL. EDITOR LIFE:

Dear Sir—I am using LIFE in my work as a valuable medium for conveying IDEAS and an adjunct to Sacred Writ. "My work" is prison reform and personal teaching in the jails and penitentiaries—my immediate aim being to scatter *ideas* and stimulate a search for Truth. My sense of humor is sufficiently developed to realize that you can plant an idea more readily with a joke tied to its tail than any other way, with most people. Certainly, I have found it so with our younger brothers, the felons; nothing repels them so much as exhortation and arraignment, while nothing attracts so well as friendly discussion and laughter. If you are sanctimonious, they laugh *at* you; if you are merry and human, they laugh *with* you. And that brings them with you in other respects.

Do you not think you could double the response to this order, and send one copy regularly to one of our large penitentiaries, where there are over 1,600 men, half of them hungry and thirsty for the bread of Life? (I did not aim at trying to be funny there, either.) The institution has a few magazines for their use, but there is not one avowedly humorous, and while some of them get a joke paper now and then, it is nearly always of the cheap, tawdry order. I want to educate them up to an appreciation of the *real thing*. I have bought many copies of LIFE and sent over there, and I'm told they are *worn out* before they return to the center of the Idea Bureau—who is C. D. Lowrie—address, San Quentin, Cal. Hearten him up by a visit from LIFE weekly, can't you? Three other periodicals have generously responded to a similar request from me, and so I am throwing out my tentacles.

Yours very truly,
I. JEFFERSON.
February 7, 1907.



The Best Book I Have Been Reading.



RECENTLY, LIFE addressed to its friends the following letter:

Occasionally you have no doubt experienced the deep pleasure of reading a book that has made an uncommon impression on you, either by itself, or has been suggestive of many things that have given you a new conception of life—one that has instructed you or inspired you—and afterward you have wished that others might know of it and might receive the same pleasure and profit from it that you have received.

Among all the books, old and new, fiction and nonfiction, that you have read during the past year,

LIFE would like to know the one book you liked the best.

Following are some of the interesting replies LIFE has received:

EDITOR OF LIFE:

Dear Sir—I have noticed that when I warmly commend a book to a friend I generally pave his way to a disappointment precisely like that which I experience myself when I read a book on *his* recommendation. I run no such risk in advising every one, especially every young American, to possess himself of Mr. Rhodes's "History of the United States." He deals with a momentous period—the years spanned by the Missouri Compromise of 1850 and the rehabilitation of the South in 1877. An attentive reading of this work, now completed by the issue of the seventh volume, is a liberal education. Even those of us who were actors and observers in 1860-5 can learn much from these seven volumes; those of us who were born after the close of the war can learn everything. There is a kind of greatness in the lucid simplicity with which Mr. Rhodes has handled his vast and complicated material. His impartiality, insight and authentic knowledge of the events and characters presented on the broad stage of his narrative give his work an incomparable and lasting value. The writer brought to his task too high a mood for mere partisanship. Here are pages to stir alike the Northern and the Southern pulse. I was about to say that this history is as absorbing as a play; but I would like to see a play that is half so absorbing. THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH.

Boston, Mass.

EDITOR OF LIFE:

Dear Sir—The book which has given me the greatest joy and profit during the past year has been "A Modern Utopia," by H. G. Wells. I consider it one of the permanent classics of English literature. Many philosophers have made attempts to

sketch the society of the future; in my opinion, this is the most important attempt that has yet been made. It has three great virtues which are rarely, if ever, found in combination. In the first place, it is characterized by a nobility and loftiness of spirit which makes its reading a religious exercise. In the second place, it is the work of an engineer, a man with the modern sense of reality, and acquainted with the whole field of scientific achievement. In the third place, it is written in a literary style which makes the reading of each paragraph a delight in itself.

UPTON SINCLAIR.

Englewood, N. J.

EDITOR OF LIFE:

Dear Sir—I recall having read for the first time during the past year only one book that greatly impressed me—Professor James's "Will to Believe"; or perhaps I should be more specific and lay stress on the essay called "Is Life Worth Living?" There is one paragraph in that paper that seems to me to advance the most reasonable theory of human endeavor that has yet been given to the world.

I reread many of my old favorites—all of Turgenieff, several of Henry James's, Arthur Symons's and James Huneker's critical works, but, as ever, I found my greatest pleasure in Clarence King's "Mountaineering in the Sierra Nevada"; a book surely unsurpassed in our literature for perfection of style—natural style—and poetical imagination, to say nothing of its humor.

GERTRUDE ATHERTON.

Munich.

EDITOR OF LIFE:

Dear Sir—I think I shall be always glad to serve LIFE in any way in my power.

I must give you two answers, because a man like myself reads new books all the time, and old books all the time. Of the latter, "Don Quixote" has been the reread book that stands conspicuously up in this year for me. I do not believe another prose work exists against which time has a smaller chance.

Of the new books, Mr. Kipling's "Puck of Pook's Hill" rises among the works of imagination so very high above all others that I have read that I am able to choose it without difficulty. It seems to me that the inspiration which his native soil has given to him has led him to the highest plane that he has ever reached; and to the matter of his book is added a perfection of prose as lofty and as beautiful.

Yours truly,

Philadelphia, Pa.

OWEN WISTER.

From President Hadley

EDITOR OF LIFE:

Dear Sir—I am afraid that no one book which I have read during the last year has made an extraordinary impression which would warrant me in writing of it.

Of the novels which I have read during the year, I like "The House of Mirth" the best. But I have not formulated my reasons for liking it; nor do I believe that if I did formulate them they would be of any particular interest to the reading public.

Faithfully yours,

New Haven, Conn.

ARTHUR T. HADLEY.

EDITOR OF LIFE:

Dear Sir—In reply to yours, the most interesting and charming book I have read is entitled "Caterpillars and Their Moths," by Ida M. Elliot and Caroline Gray Soule.

Delightfully written, clear and concise, technically almost flawless, it is a book that gives me constant pleasure, not only in what it contains, but in the manner of telling.

I do not know who these ladies are, but they have produced a wholly charming book; and in the "life histories" of certain species they have not only made valuable contributions to the study of entomology, but have established a model of intelligent schedule form for the synopsis of any life history of any species of diurnal or nocturnal lepidoptera. Clear thinking, modesty, patience and good humor characterize their work. If only they would write more! But I have searched in vain.

Yours very truly,

ROBERT W. CHAMBERS.

Calumet Club.

New York, N. Y.

EDITOR OF LIFE:

Dear Sir—Much pleased to make even the smallest return to LIFE for much I receive from it each year.

The book that has swept me along this year as if "commercing with the skies" is "The New Knowledge," by Professor Duncan.

Like many good things, it came from my friend Watson Gilder—I knew then it was no-ordinary book.

The marvels of recent science are there revealed to the non-scientific in a manner so clear that readers endorse the London *Athenaeum's* verdict: "This is the best book of its kind ever written."

It tells us of the new, mysterious and "uncanny" forces from argon to radium; shows us that matter is alive; makes our knowledge and what lies beyond more mysterious than our ignorance was before. I have sent a copy to several friends; among these a noted clergyman, who wrote me: "You robbed me of a night's sleep; it was three o'clock in the morning when I finished that book and I didn't know time until it was finished."

We seem to be approaching Tyndall's prediction "that man is finally to find the potency of all things in matter," but what if we do if it be matter with a soul? We shall grow more reverent than ever before.

Yours,

New York, N. Y.

ANDREW CARNEGIE.

EDITOR OF LIFE:

Dear Sir—I doubt if there be, for me, any one entire and perfect chrysolite of a book which I could call best. In the good

books, inspiration descends ever and anon and makes a glory on the page; but the light becomes by and by less clear and authentic, and we are on earth again. It would be, however, in the great works of imagination, none of which belongs to the present age, that I should look for such passages with the greatest expectation of success. Works of philosophy, of science and of history or biography have often charming or absorbing interludes, but in such there is no immortality. High imagination is the only quality in our life that never fades or grows antiquated in literature; but very few of the really great minds and souls of our day have given themselves to its courtship. Some of Carman's short poems are wholly beautiful and George Moore is the most simple and faithful and the bravest artist who writes now. Kipling's "Brushwood Boy" is the finest short story of recent years; and his "They," though marred by self-consciousness, is perhaps next to it in value. Loftier art is being produced now by painters and by sculptors than by writers as a class; and possibly the really great art of the future will be the living of lives which give full expression to noble and generous feelings. Love is the perfect art, and it realizes the highest imagination. But these are not the subject of your inquiry.

Sincerely yours,

Washington, D. C.

JULIAN HAWTHORNE.



"I WANT A TYPEWRITER WHO HAS SIMPLIFIED SPELLING DOWN FINE—SAVES TIME."
"SAY, MISTER, I AIN'T NEVER HAD NO FANCY EDUCATION."

LIFE



LIFE ·



RY (O) REF AT'S ITSELF



The Customary Mid-Lenten Dulness

EVERY ONE who has been annoyed, insulted or swindled by ticket speculators on the sidewalk, or in the lobbies of New York theatres, must commend Senator Saxe for introducing two measures which if they become laws will put an end to the evil. It exists legally by grace of that worse than useless body of officials known as the Board of Aldermen.

Senator Saxe's proposed laws would be unnecessary if the managers of New York theatres evinced the same energy in protecting their patrons that they do in excluding critics who dare tell the truth about the entertainments they offer to the public. According to that interpretation of the law under which they exclude critics who purchase tickets at their own box-offices or from their authorized agents, they are equally privileged to refuse admission on tickets purchased from sidewalk speculators. The fact is that no manager knows when he may want to put his own "speculators" on the sidewalk for his own profit. Therefore, they have no desire to exterminate the speculators, as they readily could. Which causes LIFE to reiterate the statement that *the speculator on the sidewalk means a crooked manager inside.*

* * *

ON PAROLE" might have been a stirring war drama with mighty emotional conflicts between civil love and patriotic military duty. Instead, Mr. Louis Evan Shipman has preferred to make it rather an agreeable little comedy with some ingenious turns of plot, some clever lines, one strong climax and one really moving episode. The only "stern alarm" of war is the climax referred to where the Union hero, *Major Dale*, is surprised and captured in the home of the Confederate heroine, *Constance Pinckney*.

The moving episode is the appearance on the scene of a straggler from Lee's army bringing the news of the surrender at Appomattox. This was a novel and dramatic embodiment of the humiliation, grief and mighty despair that came to the whole South with the crushing knowledge that its last hope, its belief in Lee's ability to conquer, was gone.

Mr. Shipman's main reliance is evidently on the contest of wits between the dispatch-carrying heroine and the gallant officer whose duty it is to capture her, with the inevitable, and in this case prettily worked out, love story. This reliance would have been better justified if his two lovers had been just a little more strongly characterized. In a war drama one naturally expects to see somewhat the sterner side of humanity in all its manifestations, even in its love-making. Both Mr. Serrano and Miss Walker have chosen to take their author at his word and have emphasized their presumably gentle breeding rather than the heroic side of their natures. Both of these artists emphasize this lack of strenuousness in a way which brings to notice the substitution of one fault for another which it is evident that with good intention they try



MISS WALKER AS
Constance

to avoid. We all know the inartistic destruction of illusion which occurs when actors direct their speeches not to the characters for whom they are intended, but directly over the footlights and to the audience. In getting away from this error Mr. Serrano and Miss Walker fail to employ enough added vocal force to make up for the difference of direction, with the result that parts of sentences and whole speeches are entirely lost. The assumption of the drawling tones of the Virginia dialect serves to increase this verbal deficiency. Miss Walker, in spite of this defect and a curiously ungraceful carriage of her shoulders, makes *Constance* a most winsome Rebel with an angel face and roguish eyes. Mr. Serrano and Mr. Forrester, as *Captain Fraser*, made most creditable Union officers, notably free from the swagger which usually accompanies the assumption of a stage uniform.

The setting of the second and third acts was a charming one, showing the interior of a Virginia drawing-room with high panelled wainscot and old portraits. Fitting admirably into the setting were Miss Alethea Luce as *Miss Polly Pinckney*, *Constance's* maiden aunt; Mr. Aiken as *General Randolph Pinckney*, her father, and Mr. Cooper as *Judge Tucker Robinson*, a neighbor. These parts were all excellently done. They made realistic certain traditional phases of Confederate feeling away from the lines of battle. Other minor characters were well portrayed, notably the *Lucy Cress* of Miss Helen Graham and the straggler from Lee's army by Mr. Cummings.

The placidity of "On Parole" may be a little bit disappointing to those who in any play connected with the War are constantly expecting something stirring, but that does not interfere with the fact that Mr. Shipman's play is in excellent taste both in writing and performance, and it should provide an excellent and wholesome evening's entertainment for those who are willing to be satisfied with something besides the spectacular or the morbid.

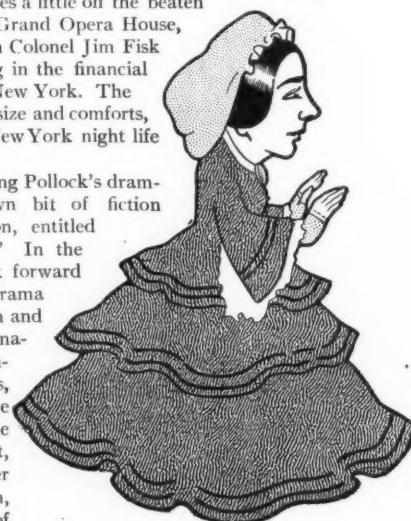
* * *

THIS mid-Lenten dulness in Broadway theatricals gave LIFE a chance to investigate the kind of entertainment provided in one of the middle-class theatres a little off the beaten track. The theatre was the Grand Opera House, magnificent in the days when Colonel Jim Fisk and Jay Gould were dazzling in the financial and theatrical firmament of New York. The house is still impressive in its size and comforts, but in the upward sweep of New York night life has been left at one side.

The play was Mr. Channing Pollock's dramatization of the well-known bit of fiction by Miss Miriam Michelson, entitled "In the Bishop's Carriage." In the surroundings one might look forward to finding this a lurid melodrama adapted to the comprehension and enjoyment of an undiscriminating audience. On the contrary, very much worse plays, very much worse acted, have been presented and with some success on Broadway; in fact, it makes a considerably higher appeal to the intelligence than, say, for instance, any one of George M. Cohan's atrocities.



MR. SERRANO AS
Major Dale



MISS LUCE AS *Miss Polly*



"I SUPPOSE THEY CAN'T LET A FELLOW PICK HIS OWN STOPPING-PLACE, BUT IT SEEMS TO ME THEY MIGHT HAVE DONE BETTER THAN THIS."

and certainly is not so vulgarizing in its tendency. It is full of action, makes a direct appeal to the elementary emotions and in the end makes virtue properly triumphant. It also has its streaks of not too exaggerated fun. It was also well acted. It introduced as a star Jessie Busley, well known to Broadway in secondary rôles. She gave a really plausible impersonation of the girl brought up as a thief and she possesses the personality to make the character appear a more possible one than it seemed in the book.

Mr. Sam Reed gave an admirably humorous idea of the Philadelphia gentleman who regards New York only as a suburb created for the indulgence of his bibulous pleasures.

* * *

THANKS to the courtesy of the managers of the theatre where Mr. Mansfield is producing Ibsen's "Peer Gynt," LIFE is unable to review that performance. This is a task from which LIFE is very glad to be relieved. Sour grapes may not be mentioned in connection with this statement, because LIFE has heretofore recorded at length the belief that Mr. Mansfield's powers are vastly overrated and that the egotism which pervades his work and obliterates any artistic value that might attach to it also makes his performances boresome and wearying. Candid and experienced spectators, who are neither self-hypnotized with their own verbiage nor posing as super-scholars competent to discover secret meanings and mysteries, inform us that the play is gloomy as a stage production and difficult to sit through. Even Ibsen himself doubted its theatrical possibilities. It has apparently been used by Mr. Mansfield simply to impress the public with the idea that the greatness of his undertakings reflects a certain greatness on himself. Not a bad trick, and one which often succeeds with persons who would rather be bored than seem not to know.

* * *

SOME one has written for that scholarly gentleman Mr. Abraham Lincoln Erlanger an article on the present theatrical situation which the New York *Herald*, a journal always ready to oblige the Theatrical Trust, prints under Mr. Erlanger's name.

Speaking of the newly formed vaudeville syndicate, Mr. Erlanger says:

The amalgamation of these gentlemen into this merger (*sic*) makes them their own agents, to deal with the actor as an agent and afterward as an employer. This is a dual position which cannot be sustained in equity and is so thoroughly un-American that sooner or later it must fall of its own weight.

Of course, that "dual position" will "fall of its own weight." Mr. Erlanger ought to know. Not so very long ago he and his partner, Mr. Klaw, were in the quadruple position of part owners of the Iroquois Theatre, in Chicago, owners of the attraction "Mr. Bluebeard, Jr., and booking agents for both the theatre and the attraction. At that time Mr. Abraham Lincoln Erlanger was not talking much about "equity." And in view of his record in connection with the theatre and its people it's highly diverting to hear him speak of anything as "un-American."

He says further:

We also always have given the attractions the choice of playing in any cities they wanted to, and if an actor himself had a prejudice against a city on account of

newspaper criticism or otherwise, he stayed away from that city at his pleasure.

Some way or other that statement doesn't ring quite true; in fact, it's extremely difficult to picture the booking-agents of the Theatrical Trust going hat in hand to consult even the most eminent actor about his preferences as to a route. The general impression seems to be that if they were able to bulldoze a profitable attraction out of a percentage of its profits in addition to the booking fees, that attraction would be given a money-making combination of cities to play in—provided the arrangement didn't conflict with the routes of attractions owned in their entirety by the Trust. If any actor not in the good graces of the booking-agents dared express "a prejudice against a city," he would be likely to find that particular place frequently included in his route when the arbiters of his professional destiny were not engaged in jumping him from Bangor to Tacoma and Seattle to Savannah.

Messrs. Klaw and Erlanger have spent their entire lives in ministering to the "pleasure" of artists, and it is a joy to hear Mr. Abraham Lincoln Erlanger admit it so candidly and honestly. *Metcalfe.*



Academy of Music—Spectacular dramatization of General Lew Wallace's "Ben-Hur."

Astor—"The Mills of the Gods." Notice later.

Belasco—"The Rose of the Rancho." Interesting drama of early California days, admirably staged and well acted.

Berkeley Lyceum—"The Reckoning." Pathetic little play of Viennese student life, well acted.

Bijou—Last week of Henrietta Crosman in "All-of-a-Sudden Peggy." Rather light-waisted comedy.

Casino—Mr. Louis Mann in "The Girl from Vienna." Comic opera of the usual kind, with cast rather better than usual.

Criterion—Mr. Frank Daniels in "The Tattooed Man." Comic opera with a good deal of fun in it.

Empire—Ethel Barrymore in Mr. Clyde Fitch's "Captain Jinks." Slight comedy, reminiscent of New York in the days just after the Civil War.

Garden—Ben Greet's Players, in Shakespearean repertoire. Notice later.

Garrick—"Caught in the Rain." Diverting farcical comedy, with Mr. William Collier in the leading part.

Hackett—Rose Stahl as the heroine in "The Chorus Lady." Laughable character study of contemporary life in New York.

Herald Square—"The Road to Yesterday." Unusual and pleasing dream play.

Hippodrome—"Neptune's Daughter" and "Pioneer Days." Brilliant and spectacular entertainment including ballet and circus.

Lincoln Square—Weekly change of bill.

Lyric—Mr. E. H. Sothern and Julia Marlowe in répertoire.

Madison Square—"The Three of Us." Carlotta Nilsson and remarkably good cast in interesting drama of American life in the West.

Majestic—"On Parole." See opposite.

Princess—"The Great Divide" is marked to run to the end of the season. Interesting American play well acted by company headed by Margaret Anglin and Mr. Henry Miller.

Weber's—"The Dream City" and "The Magic Knight." Laughable burlesques and Mr. Victor Herbert's good music.

The Human Zoo



Thoughtful Millions

UNCLE JOHN ROCKEFELLER has unloaded \$32,000,000 at one swoop on the General Education Board. He had already given the board \$11,000,000, so that his total investment in it is \$43,000,000. We congratulate Mr.



JOHN D.

Rockefeller on this considerable measure of relief which he has afforded himself, and we beg to express our prayerful sympathy for the board.

For truly, the board is committed to duties and responsibilities which seem at

first sight to be pretty staggering. It is composed of sixteen members, selected with excellent judgment, and its purpose is to promote education in the United States without distinction of race, sex or creed. From the income of the fund, of which it is trustee, it will have nearly two million dollars a year to dispose of.

Anybody who thinks that it is easy to give away large chunks of money so that they may do some good, and won't do harm, is invited to go to Uncle John, or to Uncle Andrew Carnegie, and get a stake and try it for himself. It is not a bit easy. Neither, to our mind, is it very much fun. To give away a million or two is pleasant enough, but when you have hundreds of millions to give it is burdensome.

Education is also a good thing. It is a dignified, public-spirited, responsive enterprise in which to invest. And Mr. Rockefeller has never been suspected of being thoughtless or overhasty in his benefactions. But we hear no rumors of his distributing another thirty-two millions among the men he is reported to have ruined and driven out of business during his absorbent career.

That also would be nice.

Libelous

DO NOT believe everything you read in the papers. Do not believe, for example, the Wall Street rumor that President Roosevelt is looking around for a divorce with the expectation of ultimately marrying Emma Goldman. LIFE has carefully investigated this story and can give positive assurance that there is not a particle of truth in it. The President is thoroughly conservative on his domestic side.

NO VREELAND is without honor, save in his own surface car.

The Right Way Out

THE Rev. George C. Cox, of Cincinnati, is the Episcopal minister who thought very much as Dr. Crapsey did, and wanted his Bishop to advise him what he ought to do about it. He was presented for heresy, but his diocese refused to try him. But when the Bishop said he ought to have been tried, Mr. Cox resigned his pulpit. That was right, and vindicates the discretion of his diocese.

Marie Corelli

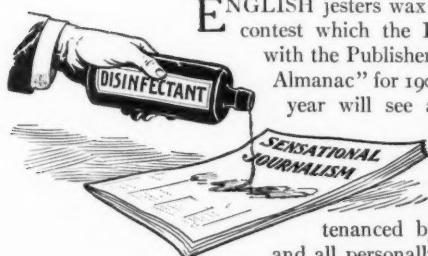
A MERICA may have the W. C. T. U. and Dowie, but it has been spared Marie Corelli. This enchanting young thing has a comic-opera name, a passion for publication, a pen that does as much wronging as writing, the tact and temper of an irritated wasp and the modesty and reticence of a vaudeville headliner. Were Bernard Shaw pasteurized, sterilized and feminized, his name would be Corelli. Marie loathes America, lectures and lashes England, and has appointed herself censor of morals and incenser of persons in the British Empire. She is interpreter for Satan, the supervisor of Providence and is convinced that Jove, Minerva and Bellona were boiled and distilled to secure the spirit and *aflatus* animating Marie. Her literary output rivals Hall Caine's in volume and violence; she is the idol of the British chambermaid, and were she possessed of her amiability, invention and English, might be termed the Laura Jean Libbey of Albion. Marie Corelli's portrait is found on British pennies, disguised as Britannia.



Paraphrase

LIVES there a Pittsburg millionaire with soul so dead
Who never to the man who drew his will has said:
"When I have passed beyond this earthly life
I wish you joy in proving who's my wife."

The Reading of Books



ENGLISH jesters wax merry over the dauntless contest which the London *Times* is waging with the Publishers' Trust. The "Hustlers' Almanac" for 1907 predicts that the coming year will see a cooperative egg club, a clothes club, a cigar club, an automobile club, all run by the great London newspaper, all countenanced by Mr. Frederic Harrison and all personally advertised by Mr. Hall Caine. It even foresees a "*Times* Royal Academy," established "in the interests of the public," and Mr. Hall Caine generously offering to furnish it with five thousand life-size portraits of himself, at 2s. 6d. apiece, on condition that each purchaser promises to name his next son, if he ever has one, Michael Sunlocks and his next daughter Glory Greeba.

Meanwhile the *Times*, serious and unabashed, pursues its warlike way, prefacing its most favorable reviews with a grave request to subscribers to refrain "as far as possible" from ordering a book, however highly praised, if its publishers refuse to supply the *Times* Book Club with copies on ordinary trade terms. English books are exasperatingly dear, but it is hard to commend the *Times* for lowering the price of Marie Corelli's novels. Rather than sell "*The Treasure of Heaven*" for 1s. 2d., it should strive, in the interests of the public, to make the cost prohibitive.

* * *

AS FOR the American books of which this pugnacious newspaper has bought the rights of sale, they seem little likely to disturb the London trade. Dr. Nicolay's one-volume life of Abraham Lincoln is an admirable work, and cheap at 4s. 6d.; but, then, as Mr. Lang observed some years ago, the English public feels no crying need for any more biographies of Mr. Lincoln. It has read all it wants to read and all it means to read upon this subject. The American novels on the list are, for the most part, unknown in the land of their birth. What gives them a fearful interest is the statement of the *Times* that they may be "had on approval." If this means that they may be taken home, read and returned, then, indeed, a new era has dawned upon the world, and British publishers may be pardoned for thinking the innovation bodes no good. Is it, after all, a praiseworthy deed to make smooth the novel-reader's path, to feed a surfeited public with cheap fiction? A truly philanthropic newspaper should organize a "Society for Doing Without," which, stretching friendly hands across the Atlantic, might strengthen the tie between two great nations by binding itself to dump once a year a shipload of English and American novels into the estranging sea.

Agnes Repplier.



GOOD ADVICE

"LOOK HERE, CABBY, I WANT TO CATCH THE FOUR O'CLOCK FERRY AT TWENTY-THIRD STREET. HOW MUCH WILL YOU CHARGE?"
"SHURE! IF YE WANT TO CATCH THE FOUR O'CLOCK BOAT, YE HAVE NO TIME TO ARGUFYIN' ABOUT THE FARE."

The Why and the Wherefore

(Perhaps) for the Many Recent Desertions from the Army

Fort Somewhere, U. S., Any Day, Any Month, Any Year. Details for Fatigue

THE following will report as designated:

Private Jones, to the Q. M. for spade, hoe and rake (to make Colonel Brown's garden).

Private Billings, to Colonel Brown's (to do the family wash).

Trumpeter Schrader, to Colonel Brown (for Miss Brown's music lesson).

Artificer Green, to Colonel Brown (with tools, to repair china closet).

Private Slugbaum (post tailor), to Mrs. Colonel Brown.

Private Proser (post shoemaker), to Mrs. Colonel Brown (to repair children's shoes).

Farrier Gates, to the Surgeon (to shoe his mother's horse).

Private Booth, to the Chaplain (to exercise his wife's Pomeranian).

Private Cook, to Captain Bull's kitchen (for fatigue).

Private Loftus, to the Adjutant's quarters (to mind the baby).

Private Boozer, blouse and leggins, to Lieut. Duffer (to carry a note to the city).

Private Swift, to Major Green (to shake his rugs).

Private Hardy, to Captain Weeks (to scrub the porch).



GEORGE EDWARD WOODBERRY'S biographical critique of *Ralph Waldo Emerson*, the latest addition to the English Men of Letters series, is a piece of work over which it is an agreeable privilege to be enthusiastic. Not that it contains either the germs of greatness or the suggestion of finality; but because it offers us a portrait so unpretentiously executed and yet so imbued with life, and a literary and philosophical analysis so sane, so direct, and so free from either intellectual snobbery or esoteric pose. The book is a mature expression of a thoroughly grounded and synthetized judgment and understanding.

The plot of David Graham Phillips's novel, *The Second Generation*, is braided from the three strands of as many love affairs and loveless affairs, and its characters are representative of the spoiled and pampered children of the industrious rich. Both plot and characters are good of their kind, and a touch of humor might have fused them into an effective satire or an interest in themselves have molded them into an entertaining fiction. But Mr. Phillips seems to have been in no mood for such niceties. He is indignant to the point of rancor; there are times when he fairly sputters; and his story is suggestive of that spirit in which the practitioners of ancient witchcraft made waxen images of their pet enemies in order to stick them full of pins.

Gerald Stanley Lee is an observer and commentator on contemporary life who, if he falls short of the power to compel us to his mood, can be a very refreshing and delightful companion when our mood coincides with his own. He has just published a little book called *The Voice of the Machines* which will doubtless be, not caviar, but tommy rot to the general, but which will speak with the beloved accents of spiritual blood-brotherhood to many an idealist who has been consciously or unconsciously responsive to the wealth of symbolic and poetic suggestion inherent in our clamorous materialism.

As far as one may dare to draw inferences from previous observation in regard to that uncertain abstraction, the general reader, one would say that *Half a Rogue*, by Harold MacGrath, is a piece of fiction cut carefully to his measure and likely to prove a good fit. It brings scenes from the stage, from literary bohemia, from provincial society, from labor troubles and from ward politics, into the temporary cohesion of a sufficiently well constructed plot. It is written with Mr. MacGrath's native enthusiasm and in the apparent belief that he is dealing seriously with serious matters. In short it is a lath and plaster model of a "great American novel."

Seeing France with Uncle John is a title which is self-explanatory, especially when the name of the author, Ann Warner, is added. It is a book of travel meant to be funny and frequently succeeding, and is made up of alternating letters home from one of Uncle John's nieces and of extracts from Uncle John's running comments on his surroundings. The author knows her Europe and, apparently, her audience; for while personally we find her humor more enjoyable as a sauce for her fiction than as a course by itself, her popular success has sprung from the latter method of serving.

Ann Boyd is one of Mr. Will N. Harben's tales of rural Georgia, revolving, as several of his stories have, upon the pivot of a local "character." Ann is a middle-aged Amazon whose industry and spunk have won out in a long fight against early misfortune and village gossip, and the climax of whose career touches the fortunes of most of those in the story. The book is quite characteristic; a sturdy fabric, roughly and successfully woven to give the effect of homespun.

George Brandes's booklet *On Reading* is addressed to a generation who, in our universal satisfaction in knowing how to read, have become wholly neglectful of how to read. The facts, we fear, are un-

deniable and the field for instruction is practically unlimited, but its cultivation is a delicate and ticklish affair and requires more agricultural finesse than Mr. Brandes seems willing to descend to. Good advice, sown broadcast, seldom germinates. But who knows what might have happened if, while calling our attention to the weedy gardens of our foolish neighbors, he had dropped a surreptitious seed in our own plot and left it to time and the grace of God?

J. B. Kerfoot.

Ralph Waldo Emerson, by George E. Woodberry. (The Macmillan Company. 75 cents.)

The Second Generation, by David Graham Phillips. (D. Appleton and Company. \$1.50.)

The Voice of the Machines, by Gerald Stanley Lee. (The Mount Tom Press, Northampton, Mass.)

Half a Rogue, by Harold MacGrath. (The Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis, Ind. \$1.50.)

Seeing France with Uncle John, by Ann Warner. (The Century Company. \$1.50.)

Ann Boyd, by Will N. Harben. (Harper and Brothers. \$1.50.)

On Reading, by George Brandes. (Fox, Duffield and Company. 75 cents.)

Where the Shoe Pinches

FIRST MAGNATE: This problem of taking care of the poor is a hard one.

SECOND MAGNATE: Most difficult. It's easy enough to get money from them, but it ruins them to give it back.



"NOW THE GROUND-HOG WILL NOT SEE HIS SHADOW AND WE'LL HAVE AN EARLY SPRING!"



WHEN A MAN'S IN LOVE

NESBITT BENSON

Once on a Time

ONCE on a time, there lived a man,
A man, and lover, who asked the fair
And dear one, who held his heart in thrall,
To go with him, out—no matter where—
And—history has it, this maid replied
And—told the man, she had “nothing to
wear!”

But now—when a woman is asked to go
She says to the man: “How nice! why yes!
And I'll wear my yellow lace gown . . .
perhaps

The black one is prettier—or—I guess
I'll wear *your* favorite blue—come, please,
Do try and help me to choose a dress!

‘My last two new ones—but, never mind—
You admire me in grey? I think, I seem
Too much like a nun . . . I might wear—
oh, no—

Mauve makes me look old. I know
you'll scream
If I mention *scarlet*! My white gowns?—
well—

One of my white gowns is just a *dream*—

“But white is so common. The pink foulard
Is a dear little beauty. Still, I don't care
To wear it too often—my nile-green is
sweet!”

And the poor man marvels, with wondering stare,
If there ever lived, anywhere under the sun,
A girl who had nothing to wear?

Madeline Bridges.

FIRST AMERICAN CHILD: Here I
am ten years old and my parents actually objected to my going to the matinée.

SECOND AMERICAN CHILD: The truth is that parents nowadays are getting spoiled.

Short Stories of All Nations

Russian

HELEN KNAWDOFF stood in the door of her Siberian prison, looking in vain for her lover, Ivan Skidoosky, who was due to rescue her.

Only one thing could prevent—and that was Count Kaskawhisky, Chief of the Secret Police.

At this moment the Count was in secret session with His Majesty, the Czar, in the Winter Palace. Only the Royal Guard, the members of the Duma and a Japanese messenger boy were present.

Although the snow was rapidly falling all over the land, things looked dark for Helen. The cruel guards ever and anon felled her to the ground with clubs, but each time she rose bravely with a sweet Christian Science smile. Skidoosky was

now only eighty miles away. In the meantime the band of trained wolves sent out by Kaskawhisky was closing in upon him. In his hand he held a free pardon for Helen, with passage to America over the Hamburg-American route.

Skidoosky was no slouch. He advanced his sparker slowly but cautiously. His tires hung in ribbons. The best he could do over Siberian roads, on his rims, was eighteen miles per hour. And the wolves! They came on thick and fast. Suddenly, however, Skidoosky opened the exhaust. Such a smell was never seen above the thirtieth parallel. The wolves sank back. The day was saved.

“Here,” said Skidoosky, thrusting his paper into the hands of the head of the prison, “release 41,144 instanter, or I'll report to the Duma.”

Continued on page 356



EXPERIENCE

A certain member of the Pittsburg Stock Exchange has set his nephew up in business three times, but the young man lacks something essential to success in the line selected for him, and has failed with each effort.

When he recently appeared before the uncle with his fourth request, the latter said:

"You must learn to lean on yourself. I can't carry you all my life. I'll tell you what I'll do. You owe me a great deal as the result of your last failure. Pitch in on your own hook and go it alone till you pay off those debts. When you've done that, I'll give you a check for what they amount to. Such an experience will do you more good than all the money I could give you now."

Two months later the nephew walked in with every claim received in full, and the uncle was so delighted that he gave the promised check.

"How did you manage it, Howard?" he asked, after an expression of congratulation.

"I borrowed the money," replied Howard.—*Harper's Weekly*.

LINCOLN'S SOFT ANSWER

One hot summer day when I was in New York I was invited to a "cold tea" at the Americus Club House in Greenwich, Conn. At the club-house was a gracious company, and among the guests was Gov. John T. Hoffman, of New York.

One of the guests said to the Governor that he had noticed President Lincoln had sent an open letter to Gov. Buckingham of Connecticut, thanking that State for having raised its quota of troops, and he asked Hoffman if he had ever received such a letter for New York.

The Governor replied that he had not, but had read the letter to the Governor of Connecticut and it had disturbed him not a little. But soon after its publication he had had an interview with Mr. Lincoln at the Executive Mansion, and had said, "Mr. President, I notice that you took pains to send Governor Buckingham a letter thanking Connecticut for having raised its quota of troops. But you forgot to thank the great Empire State for having raised its quota."

"Aha!" said Mr. Lincoln. "When Mrs. Lincoln passes me a cup of tea I never think of thanking her for it; I expect it."—*Boston Herald*.

MOTOR BYWAYS

A man in Altoona, the owner of a very fine forty horse-power limousine motor-car, failed, and while his affairs were being settled up the car disappeared. As soon as everything had been adjusted, though, the car reappeared in the Altoona man's garage again. This angered one of the creditors, and the first time he saw the bankrupt he took him bitterly to task. "A nice bankrupt," he said. "How does it happen, if you're a bankrupt, that you still have that automobile?"

"Well, you see," said the other, smiling. "I went through the bankruptcy court, but the automobile went round."—*Argonaut*.

ESCAPING HOUSECLEANING

"Yes, we are going to move to escape housecleaning."

"And so are we. If I must confess it myself, I think it will take the new tenants two weeks to get rid of all the rubbish we are leaving behind."

"The same here. Our house will need a mop and soap from cellar to roof. By the way, where are you going?"

"15 L—Street."

"What? Why, that is where we are leaving."

"Well, I declare! Where are you going?"

"11 B—Street."

"Why, that's where we are leaving."

"Phew!"

"Great Scott!"—*London Tit-Bits*.



ANOTHER "HERR DIREKTOR"

THE CHILLING REPLY

According to a Washington legal light, there are times when a lawyer regrets the use of an illustration which a moment before has appeared especially felicitous.

"The argument of my learned and brilliant colleague," said counsel for the plaintiff in a recent suit for damages from a railway company, "is like the snow now falling outside—it is scattered here, there and everywhere."

Whereupon opposing counsel improved his opportunity. "All I can say," he hastily interposed, "is that the gentleman who has likened my argument to the snow now falling outside has neglected to observe one little point to which I flatter myself the similarity extends—it has covered all the ground in a very short time."—*Harper's Weekly*.

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Hats are for the discriminating—those for whom the best is none too good.

Knapp-Felt DeLuxe Hats are Six Dollars
Knapp-Felt Hats are Four Dollars, everywhere.

Write for "The Hatman"

THE CROFUT & KNAPP CO.
BROADWAY, AT THIRTEENTH STREET, NEW YORK

PRINCE AND SAILOR, TOO

When the Prince of Wales was in active service in the British Navy he was at Malta when a "P. & O." steamship came into the port. It was arranged that His Royal Highness should visit the steamship, but as the stay was to be brief, the captain and his men were so busy that there was no time to waste in waiting about for the Prince, so the captain sent for his first officer.

"As soon as you see the Prince coming off," he said, "man the yards at once and send for me in the cabin."

Shortly after the captain's quick ears heard a boat alongside, and he hurried on deck just in time to hear, in the disgusted tones of the younger officer:

"I say, when is that prince chap coming? I wish he'd look sharp. I've work to do, and I'm jolly well tired of hanging round."

"Awfully sorry," replied an amused voice, which the horrified captain recognized as that of the Prince, "but I came off as quietly as I could, as I knew you'd want to man the yards or something of that kind. As I'm a sailor myself, I know what a bore that is when you're coaling ship."—*Youth's Companion*.

DREAMING A WINNER

I daresay that every year one or more people dream of the Derby winner, because thousands of people are guessing in their dreams, and two or three guess right.

Take the Favonius case. A man came to an acquaintance of mine and said: "What is the Latin for the southwest wind?" "Favonius," said my friend. "That's the name," said the other. "I dreamed last night that Favonius won the Derby, but I could only remember that southwest wind was the English of the word when I awoke." There was no Favonius in the list of horses, but on reaching the racecourse the men found that "the Zephyr colt" had been newly named—Favonius. Probably the name Zephyr ("west wind") colt had been converted into Favonius ("southwest wind") in the sleeping mind of the dreamer, though when awake he could not remember the Latin word for southwest wind. Favonius won; the dream was a good guess, no more.—*Independent*.

HOW JOSIAH FORESTALLED FATE

Josiah Quincy, Assistant Secretary of State under Cleveland, was famed for the energy he showed in getting jobs for his constituents.

One day a laborer in the employ of the Department of the Interior was drowned while bathing in the Potomac. A Congressman who happened to be near when the body was taken from the water, hearing that the dead man worked for the Government, rushed off to the Department of the Interior to secure the job for one of his followers.

When he reached the Department, however, Hoke Smith, who was Secretary of the Interior, told him that the position had already been filled.

"Filled!" cried the Congressman. "Why, the man hasn't been dead half an hour."

"I know that," replied Smith; "but Josiah Quincy heard the man was going in bathing, so he put in an application for the job by telephone."—*Saturday Evening Post*.

STILL WAITING

"I stand just where I stood four years ago," says Colonel Bryan. That was just outside the White House gate.—*Omaha Bee*.

News Exchange, 9 Rue St. Georges, Paris; Saarbach's News Exchange, 1, Via Firenze, Milan; Saarbach's News Exchange, Mayence, Germany.

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Our Period Furnishing is not Pedantic

While playing one of the most delicate passages at a symphony concert the trombone sounded an unearthly and discordant note. The conductor nearly had a spasm. When the concert was over he said to the player, "Why did you make such an awful break?"

The player, pointing to the music, said, "I played the note just as it is written; look, here it is."

"Why, you fool," said the conductor, "that is a fly-speck."

"I can't help that," said the player; "if it had been a horse-fly I'd played it."

Any apprentice boy can slavishly group period furnishings—"play a fly-speck."

Ever so much more than this is necessary if you would have the old atmosphere; reflecting the *human interest* and *sentiment* of a period room.

Our designers are specialists and connoisseurs who have traveled much and studied the periods, and who will suggest the right wall decoration, time-toned coverings and hangings, and who do not "play fly-specks."

We make no charge for their suggestions, however, our profit being as commercial as selling calico.

Therefore, if you have a room (or house) to decorate or furnish, send along your plans or rough sketch, and suggestions and color schemes and samples will go forward.

If you are interested in any pieces of furniture let us know and we will send you half-tone pictures with prices.

Also write for our booklets and literature.



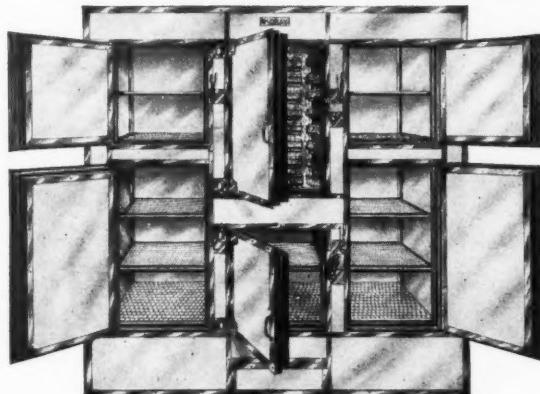
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The Stearns

The sunrise of American supremacy—the glorious Stearns fulfills the prophecy that America must take the lead in motor car construction.

The white frame around the radiator distinguishes the Stearns at a glance. More than a handsome decoration, it is made possible by the aluminum housing protecting the radiator from damage, yet exposing every cranny by releasing four nuts. A part of the 2100 hours' labor is shown by this refinement. \$4500. Immediate delivery. The easy-running qualities of a "30" in highest perfection—the power of a "60" when needed. The catalogue tells how. Write to-day.

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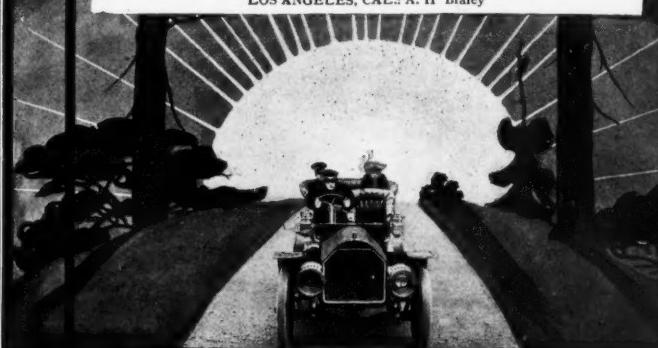
ST. LOUIS: The Motor Shop

CHICAGO: The Motor Shop

WHEELING, W. VA.: The Motor Shop

ATLANTA, GA.: The Motor Shop

LOS ANGELES, CAL.: The Motor Shop



The prison doors were thrown open. Once more Ivan clasped Helen's fainting form. Kaskawhisky was thwarted.

"Rescued at last," muttered Ivan, as her head sank on his goggles.

IN AMERICA

Helen and Ivan, standing in the best room of their hotel, had just received a delegation of their friends, when there was a sudden knock at the door.

The proprietor entered.

"Mr. Skidoosky?"

"Yes, sir."

"Have you ever been married before?"

"Yes, sir."

"Divorced?"

"Impossible. The Duma wasn't running then."

The proprietor, backed by his head bellboy, pointed out of the door—out into the cold, cold world. Ivan turned pale. Helen shuddered. Both instantly realized there was no help for them. They were doomed to live in Staten Island and be eaten alive by Jersey mosquitoes.

"Is this the end?" muttered Ivan, as he saw the forms of Mark Twain and Peter Dunne fade away.

The proprietor opened the door, and, bowing his head, replied:

"Skidoo, Skidoosky!"

Mexican

"Ah! Padre, you are sad!"

Spirals of heat were rising from the adobe huts. There was adobe everywhere. One could almost smell it. How it gleamed!

Round the corner of the chapel there had come a young girl. Her dark hair lay in clusters on her shoulders. Her forehead was low but refined. She looked at the priest wistfully.

"No, Juanita, not sad; only wondering."

"What, Padre?"

The priest raised his eyes to the distant horizon, upon which could be faintly discerned a faint speck—it was in reality a horseman.

"I was wondering, Juanita, whether any marriage fee would be my portion this week. I haven't sat in a game for so long now—ah, it seems eternity. Perhaps"—

Juanita's eyes were far away. They were, indeed, fixed on the figure that drew closer and closer.

She shivered and sighed.

"Who knows?" she said, faintly. Then she smiled to herself. It was He—she knew it was He. But neither the aged priest nor herself saw behind the adobe temple, now used as a chapel, the dark, sinister form of Hot Tamale, the Mexican greaser.

"Sacré!" he muttered, taking out a mowing scythe and running it swiftly across his hand. "De Diable! Christa! He comes! Her lover! He is mine."

The girl ran in to change her clothes, and the priest disappeared to see that his poker chips were in order, as John Smith, the cowboy, rode in, his pony's hoofs clattering over the stone cobbles.

"Here, greaser!" he said to Hot Tamale. "Hold the boy till I come!" and in a moment he, too, disappeared, hot on the trail of Juanita.

He had just located a rich claim, and nothing but matrimony was his. He would take Juanita on to Harvard and educate her properly, while he was preparing himself for the United States Senate.

"Juanita!"

"John!"

They were clasped in each other's arms.

"I have good news for thee, little sister. I have struck it rich."

Hot Tamale had not been idle. Hitching the pony swiftly, he sneaked stealthily behind John Smith, and while that individual and Juanita were holding each other together, he raised his deadly mowing scythe and was about to strike.

Suddenly his arm was held in an iron grip.

"Dog!"

It was the priest who spoke. Punching the greaser with his dagger, he turned quietly to the lovers.

"All is ready for the ceremony," he whispered. "After which"—he whispered to John Smith. The latter nodded drily, as he replied, "Very



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well, Padre, if those are your terms. I must have Juanita. But I see my finish if I play freeze-out with you."

Indian

That summer that the widow Perkins came among us had never been hotter. The tarantulas were constantly getting in my hair at night and causing no end of trouble.

Besides, things at the bank were in a bad way. That's how I came to send for Donald King.

The widow Perkins set up her place next to the club house. She may have been forty, but hardly looked it. She brought on a pony, made the best gin rickey in the station and was popular with every one, from the captain down to the youngest subaltern.

King took to her at once. There was trouble getting the balance at the bank—I having overdrawn my account somewhat because of an unexpected flirtation—and Donald worked hard. But almost every tiffing he found time to drop in on the widow.

Gawd knows he was warned enough. I warned him. The captain warned him. Everybody warned him. The widow herself warned him. But King was lonesome for home. He wanted to have his heart broken. Then the widow had a motherly instinct which led her to pet him.

One day there was a great commotion. Three government inspectors were on their way. The dispatch was handed to me while I was sipping one of the widow's rickeys, with Donald lying at her feet just outside the bungalow.

"No time to lose, Donald, my boy," I exclaimed; "we must evacuate. The bank is short nearly 10,000 rupees. We're both in the game."

Donald calmly lighted another cheroot.

"That's all right, old man," he said. "Geraldine and I will stay."

I looked at the Widow Perkins. She nodded at me. Then I drew her aside in the jungle.

"Aren't you going to jilt him?" I inquired. "He hasn't had a fever or

anything since he came. Something must happen before the inspectors get here."

"Not this time," whispered the Widow Perkins, blithely.

She handed me a message.

"I got that to-day," she said. "You see, your young friend Donald is not what you think. His father has just died and left him £10,000 a year. Ha! ha! I marry him in the morning."

I might add that Donald did the square thing by me, and I faced the inspectors calmly.

Southern American

"Yank!"

"Rebel!"

The war was at its height. General Lee had crossed the Potomac. The home of Virginia von Blooming-Carter had been stripped by the Army of the Center under Grant, and only Virginia herself, her aunt and Mozambique, their body-servant, were left.

Virginia was standing idly by the rose bushes, in her excitement tearing out roses by the handful, as Lieutenant Pratt came up. He was wounded in fourteen places, but he never faltered or let on.

Raising his hand politely, he inquired the way to the barn. It was then that the opening words were used.

"I suppose," continued Virginia, "you wish to take our last cow—our only means of subsistence."

At this Mozambique, the slave, tottered from the bushes. His hair had turned three shades paler during the night.

"Miss Virginia! doan' go say that," he explained. "Ain't I got two han's to work wid?"

He bowed to the lieutenant.

"If yo' gwine ter take dat cow," he exclaimed, "yo' let me milk her fust, sah."

Lieutenant Pratt wavered in his seat. "I merely wished," he said, "a sip of milk. Alas! I have not tasted food since I left Higganum, Connecticut."

Continued on page 358



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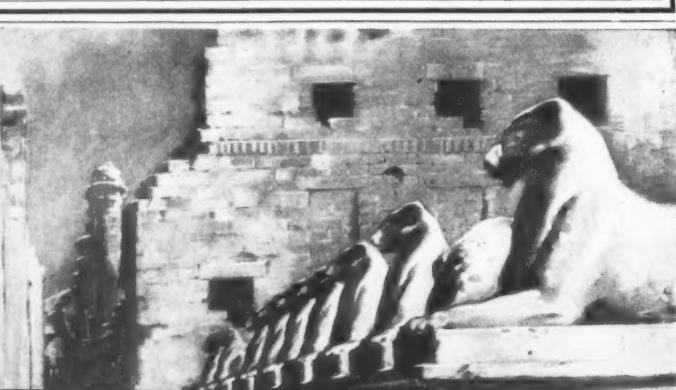
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Egyptian Scenes—Avenue of Ram-headed Spinxes at Luxor

He would have fallen off had Virginia not caught him. In spite of herself, she rested his head on her shoulder.

* * *

For weeks Lieutenant Pratt had tossed deliriously on a bed of pain. Virginia had not left him night or day. At last he was able to sit up; then to walk out in the garden where the rose bushes were.

The war was over. But Mozambique, true to his own, was still working the old cow.

"Virginia," said Lieutenant Pratt, "I have a secret to tell you. You come of one of the proudest families in the South. I love you—madly—passionately."

He leaned over and whispered something. She blushed, but flinched not. Throwing herself into his arms, she said:

"Yes, darling, I will marry you, even if, before the war, you kept a corner grocery store in Higganum."

At this moment once more Mozambique sprang from the bushes.

"I heard yo'," he cried. "Miss Virginia, dis is too much. I die for de family blood. But now yo' must get some one else to milk that cow. I's gwine ter be a Pullman car porter."

Scotch

"Tomas, come in here. Dinna ye ken the maister is cooming?"

The kirk door was but half closed. The new minister, not having any lodgings-place, slept there o' nights, and sometimes forgot to shut the door after him.

Tomas was on to his game.

Tomas was verra funny. He did all kinds of boyish tricks, and they were verra laughable.

"Here he is now," said Tomas's mother. "Hoot now, Tomas. Be gude, or the new mon will not abide ye in the parish."

Tomas's sister Mary now appeared upon the scene. She was a grand beauty, with a wonderful oatmeal face and a figure that the minister had noticed when he accepted the call. He bowed awkwardly as they stood facing each other. Tomas disappeared.

"I'm having an uncoo time with the parishioners," he said faintly. "Maybe I don't quite know how to train them. I saw you in the heather yesterday," he said, shyly, as Mary's mother disappeared.

"Yes," said Mary, blushing. "I was gathering flowers for the chancel. Perhaps you noticed them."

"I did, indeed. It was so mickle kind of you."

"Don't mention it. Tell me about your troubles."

"Ah! It is MacDonald's family—he will drink, you know, and his gude wife is in sore trial."

At this moment a faint line of smoke was observed coming out of the kirk door. Mary rushed forward.

"The kirk is on fire!" she screamed.

Tomas, back of a near thistle-hedge, was shaking his sides.

"So it is," exclaimed the minister.

At this moment the town water-wagon came down the road. It was guided by MacDonald. He came on apace.

The situation was explained.

"I'll not put it out," he said, contemptuously. "Ye tried to convert me."

"Shame on ye!" cried Mary. "Ye have no business on the water-wagon, anyway, MacDonald."

With that Tomas appeared on the scene. The kirk was filled with smoke.

"Ha, ha!" laughed Tomas to MacDonald. "You're a mucker."

This was too much. MacDonald was down off his wagon in an instant, running after Tomas, who was, however, too nimble.

In an instant Tomas had mounted the wagon and, driving it through the kirk, put out the fire.

"Saved!" said Mary and the minister.

"You need me," she said, shyly, "in your business."

He put his arms about her. Her mother appeared.

"What's it all about?" she inquired.

"Hoot awa!" exclaimed Tomas, grinning, from the water-wagon. "I be up to my tricks agin, mither."

Japanese

Could anything be more beautiful than Madam Crysallis, as she wended her immaculate way among the flowers of the garden which

Lieutenant Bertrand had bought and paid for? She smiled sweetly. Her dainty little feet threaded their way in and out with charming dexterity.

He had come out the year before, and their eyes had met. That was sufficient for love—love in its wondrously colored oriental style. The big Englishman, bluff, hearty, was won completely.

Occasionally he thought of his wife at home—when he sent her a remittance—with a sigh, but, after all, why bother with such details?

Was not Madam Crysallis all in all to him?

The days passed. One afternoon, as they sat sipping tea, a jinrikisha stopped in front of the gate.

A tall, queenly blonde got out.

Madam Crysallis looked up.

"Ah, sweetheart," she said, "here is some one coming in. What can she desire? Is she your sister from your own land? Maybe she is a distant relative—some one you know."

Lieutenant Bertrand stood up and looked up at the tall blonde—

"Good Gawd!" he muttered, biting off one of his mustaches. "It is Sarah."

He smiled a blythe smile—one of those light, dainty smiles so common to British officers. "Never fear, little one," he said to Madam Crysallis. "I will protect you."

Sarah was now within call.

"Don't you know me, Jack?" she cried. "Dear old Jack! What lovely flowers. Who is this person? Your gardener? Do they have gardener maids in this beastly little country?"

Madam Crysallis gathered her kimono around her. "I am his wife," she said, haughtily.

"Come now, girls," said Jack in his bluff, honest way. "Don't get mad. Cousin Sarah, I'm glad to see you," he said, looking at the blonde fixedly, while he motioned her on the side to keep quiet. "Crys, leave us a little, will you? I want to ask Cousin Sarah about Auntie and the twins and all the news from home."

Madam Crysallis tiptoed away, looking faint.

Jack faced his real wife. "Sarah," he said, "you're a brick. I was afraid you'd say something."

"Never!" replied Sarah, firmly. "She will never know the truth from me. Dear little thing, I'm afraid it will kill her when she does hear it. How pathetic! You are the brute. Wait till I get you home."

"All right. Do as you will. But how can we keep Crys happy?"

"You must let her down easy."

At this moment Madam Crysallis reappeared.

She pointed to Sarah.

"I know," she gasped at last. "I understand. She—she is your real wife. She takes you away. I kill myself."

"Don't!" pleaded Sarah. "Please don't."

Jack pulled out his check book.

"Here," he said. "Let me give you something to remember us by."

He handed her a check. She tossed it aside, quivering with rage, and pointed madly to the front gate. As they slowly disappeared, she picked up the check once more and hurried to the bank, where she got the money.

* * *

That evening Madam Crysallis and Woo Wung, who kept a small tea-shop on the outskirts of the town, were sitting together in the cool of the evening.

"I'm glad you've come back to me," said Woo. "By the way, Mame, did you do well by that last Englishman?"

"Bully," said Madam. "We can retire now for the rest of our lives."

Eskimo

Pepita and her mother sat on an iceberg looking at the aurora borealis. Jacques had now been gone for some days.

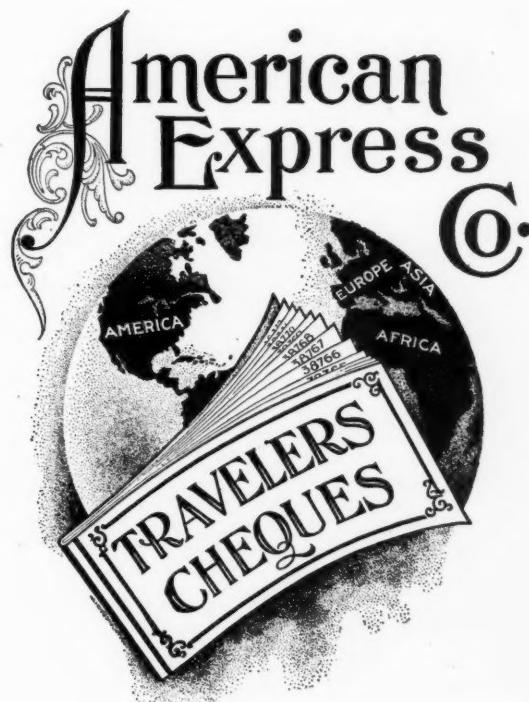
Pepita was sad. So was her mother. There was only a part of one walrus left. Pepita's father had gone with Jacques, looking for more.

The human soul is the same north or south, east or west, southwest and nor' nor'east. Pepita had a soul. It stirred in the depths of her bosom, especially when she was hungry.

The girl's eyes glowed with intense, dramatic, primitive feeling. For it must be confessed that we are now dealing with the elemental. Great passions swayed these wonderful people of the north.

Continued on page 360

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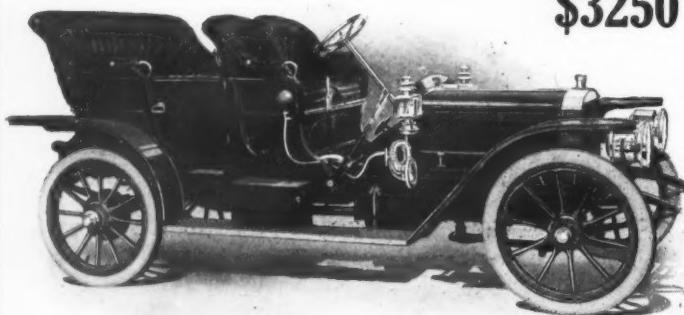
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"WHAT A QUEER VOICE THAT BIRD HAS."
"IT'S HIS GERMAN ACCENT."

"Mamma," said Pepita, "I hate Jacques. This life is rapidly becoming intolerable to me. I long for bananas."

Pepita's mother did not understand her. She was very crude. She had no gamut of emotions concealed about her, as did Pepita. She thought that Pepita was cross. She did not understand that it was the over-soul struggling for mastery.

"Tut, tut," she exclaimed. "Did not Jacques rescue you from the polar bear? Suppose he should come again, that bear, now that Jacques is away. He went off swearing to be revenged after Jacques had fought him."

Little did they know that the bear was even then watching them from behind the nearest floe.

"I hate him for it," said Pepita. "You do not understand. You do not see that it is only in supreme sacrifice is love awakened. If I had done something for him—ah! then I might love him. But now, now!"

The bear was drawing nearer. He, too, was hungry. His hot breath was beginning to fan their cheeks.

"Mamma," said Pepita, "it is growing warmer. I can feel the warm wind from the south. The star flowers will soon be peeping from the ice. We shall soon be able to drink without a pick. In a few weeks we can store our furs."

At this moment a shot rang out. It came from the rifle of Charles Y. Jones, the celebrated Arctic traveler, who had arrived in the nick of time. The polar bear lay stretched at Pepita's feet. She fell into Jones's arms.

"I told you," he said, "that I would return. Dear girl, I needed you—and the material for another lecture tour."

Pepita sighed deliciously.

"I am happy now," she murmured. Off in the distance Jacques and her father could be seen hurrying to camp with another walrus. Jacques was too late.

Pepita's mother did not understand. "You hate Jacques because he rescued you," she said, "and love the other man for the same."

Pepita smiled.

"Ah, mamma," she said, "you are so simple. The polar bear might have killed Jacques. But Mr. Jones, my hero, was in no danger. He merely pulled the trigger. That is why I love him so, so much."



"YOUR SHOES NEED BLACKING, MR. SILHOUETTE."

THE more a man loves, the more he is bound to suffer.

The great artist is the one who knows how to simplify.

What we do not understand, we have no right to judge.

Constant exertion is what characterizes our modern morality.

The conscientious critic should first begin by criticism of himself.

Intellect is essentially aristocratic; charity is essentially democratic.

Thought without action is an evil, and so is action without thought.

He who is willing to act only upon strictly scientific principles is unfitted for practical life.

A beautiful work is beautiful through a kind of truth that is truer than any enumeration of unquestioned facts.

The country, during the rain, resembles a face with tears upon it—not perhaps so beautiful, but even more expressive.

Women are at once the sex which is the most faithful and still the most fickle—most faithful morally, and most fickle socially.

In every loving woman there exists a priestess of the past, a loyal keeper of some affection for which the motive has disappeared.

Love must always remain alluring and fascinating if the sway of woman is to last. As soon as the mystery is gone the attraction disappears.

Women wish to be loved without any reason why—not because they are pretty or good or well-bred or graceful or clever, but just because they are themselves.

Want of beauty in a woman, because it is unnatural, is as hateful as a gash, a discord, a spot of ink—in fact, as anything that is contrary to order. On the other hand, beauty refreshes and strengthens one like some miraculous food.

As soon as a man or a people or a literature or a period becomes feminine in type, it declines in prestige and in power. As soon as a woman leaves that state of subordination in which her natural merits have full play we see a speedy increase in her natural faults. Complete equality with man makes her contentious. A position of supremacy makes her tyrannical. For a long time the best solution will be found in honoring her and at the same time in controlling her.—*Scrap Book*.

"HER husband left her a fortune on condition that she shouldn't marry again, and you say she isn't satisfied?"

"No. She can't make out whether it means jealousy or revenge."—*Detroit Free Press*.



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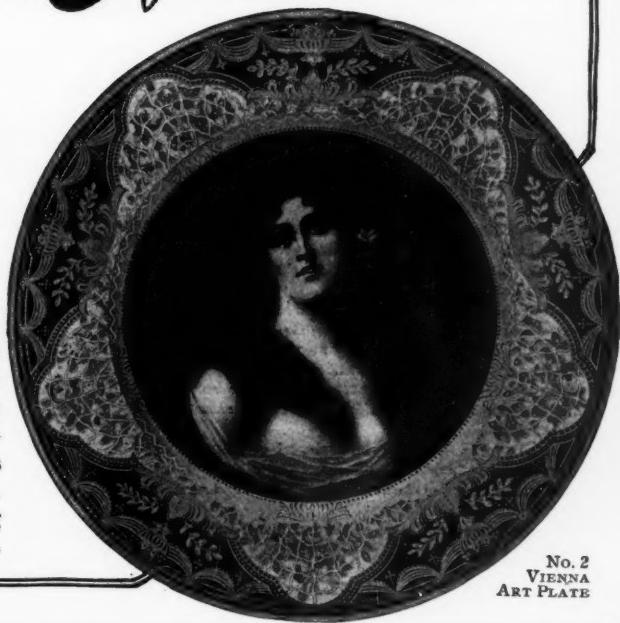
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HAD BEEN THERE BEFORE

The story is now current in London that when Lord Ribblesdale arrived in Boston as a member of the Royal Rapid Transit Commission, he one day had a little time on his hands at the Touraine, and, deciding to go out to see the town, said to the bellboy: "How do I get to the elevated?" "You go down into the subway and take it there," was the boy's answer, to which the learned Englishman replied: "Don't try that on me; I've been in America before."—*Boston Transcript*.

HIS STUBBORNNESS

"Haven't you and your friend got through that argument yet?" asked a parent of his youngest son.

"It isn't any argument," answered the boy. "I am merely telling Jimmie the facts in the case, and he is so beastly stubborn that he won't understand."—*Chums*.

Kenilworth Inn, Biltmore, N. C. Always open. Most superbly finished hotel south of New York.

In a talk before the Vassar alumnae at their annual luncheon in New York, our former fellow townsman, John G. Milburn, spoke of the essential democracy that dominates seemingly aristocratic Oxford. "It is the most democratic institution in the world," he said. "Snobbery is unknown; it could not live forty-eight hours. The men who go there may have titles, or they may be multimillionaires, but it does not count. Some one in whom I was interested who was at Oxford decided to have a personal servant—some one to brush his clothes and look after him generally—but it did not go. You may have all the servants you want outside, but not in the college, and that particular one did not survive twenty-four hours. And how do you think they killed him? By calling his master by the servant's name; in the college building, in the college grounds, it was 'Snooks' here, 'Snooks' there, 'Snooks' everywhere."—*Buffalo Commercial*.

NEEDS THE SOLDIERS

Russia will learn that it requires more than American war equipment to make its soldiers invincible.—*Omaha Bee*.

Hotel Vendome, Boston

All the attractions of hotel life, with the comforts and privacy of home.

THERE had been newspaper announcement of the purpose of Senator Lodge to reply to Senator Foraker's strictures upon the President relative to the affair of the colored soldiers. The Senate galleries were crowded early.

In the Senate it is the unexpected which happens. This time it came through discovery that Senator Gearin of Oregon had given notice, some days previously, of a purpose to discuss the Japanese question that day, and under Senate courtesy there was nothing for Senator Lodge to do but to give way to his Oregon colleague, postponing his own address until after Senator Gearin had concluded.

"Anyway," said Senator Hale, dryly, "I congratulate you, Lodge, upon Gearin drawing you such a crowd."

And later, seeing that the folks in the galleries had remained throughout the Gearin speech:

"I congratulate you, Lodge, on the fact that Gearin held his crowd for you!"—*Ridgway's*.

THE SOUTH FOR HOSPITALITY: The Manor, Asheville, North Carolina, is the best inn South.—*Booklet*.

GOLDEN MOMENTS

"Have you a few moments to spare?"

"Young man," said the capitalist, severely, "my time is worth one hundred dollars an hour, but I'll give you ten minutes."

"If it's all the same to you," thoughtfully replied the visitor, "I believe I would rather take it in cash."—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

CHIEF CONSTABLE: What do you want to see him for?

"I want to ask him how he managed to get into the house and go up the stairs without waking my wife."—*Le Rire*.

DIFFICULT PART

"What," asked the inquisitive man, "was the most difficult part you ever played?"

"That of a multimillionaire with the gout, when circumstances over which I had no control rendered it necessary for me to live on one meal a day," replied the actor.—*Chicago News*.



The traveling American
will find that they smoke his
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in every good club and res-
taurant, and sell it at every
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from London to Yokohama
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Seed Catalog. A postal card will bring you a copy, by return mail.
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Books Received

Voice of the Machine, by Gerald Stanley Lee. (Mt. Tom Press.)

A Draught of the Blue, by F. W. Bain. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)
The White Darkness, by Lawrence Mott. (The Outing Publishing Company. \$1.50.)

The Lone Furrow, by W. A. Fraser. (D. Appleton and Company. \$1.50.)

The Kinsman, by Mrs. Alfred Sidgwick. (The Macmillan Company. \$1.50.)

Sex and Society, by W. I. Thomas. (University Press, Chicago. \$1.50.)

Christian Science, by Mark Twain. (Harper and Brothers. \$1.75.)

The American Idea, by L. K. Commander. (A. S. Barnes and Company.)

The American Scene, by Henry James. (Harper and Brothers. \$3.00.)

The Book of Camping and Woodcraft, by Horace Kephart. (Outing Publishing Company.)

Lincoln and the Cup of Tea

"THERE is a story told of President Lincoln," writes A. Maurice Low in the February *Appleton's*, "that during a critical time in the Civil War, when the Senate had been particularly obstructive, one of his ardent sympathizers burst in upon him and hotly denounced the Senate, and finished his tirade by asking, 'What's the use of the Senate, anyway?'"

"Mr. Lincoln was drinking a cup of tea. In his homely fashion he poured the tea from the cup to the saucer and back again to cool it off, undisturbed by the caller's vehemence.

"'Well,' said the man impatiently, 'what's the use of the Senate?'

"'I have just shown you,' was Lincoln's answer, and once more the tea was poured.

"The man looked puzzled. Then a great light broke upon him. 'You mean it enables public passion to cool off?'

"The greatest of American Presidents nodded and drank his tea.

"That, then, is the function of the House of Lords."

In a pinch, use Allen's Foot-Ease.

THE famous French comedian, M. Coquenil, repudiates the assertion that women are lacking in a sense of humor. He says: "It is woman's appreciation of humor that makes her so companionable; her delicacy and exquisite tact that keep her from thrusting it before your face. But just because she conceals it, men make the mistake of thinking it is not there. Perhaps I could not cite a better example than women have been given the sense of humor than by pointing to Mme. Bernhardt. She is full of it. She sees the lightest fling; there is no bit too subtle for her to seize. And then how she enjoys it! Her sense of the ridiculous is most keen. She portrays life's tragedies, but not one of its comedies escapes her. Her smile, her laughter, they are ever ready to break out. They cannot be suppressed. She feels the mirthfulness of the world and that makes her only more keenly alive to its sorrows."—*Daily News*.

DOCTOR (*to parvenu*): Have you really done everything you could to make the child sleep? It can often be done by singing a lullaby.

PARVENU: Ah, I'll engage an opera singer immediately.—*Bombe*.

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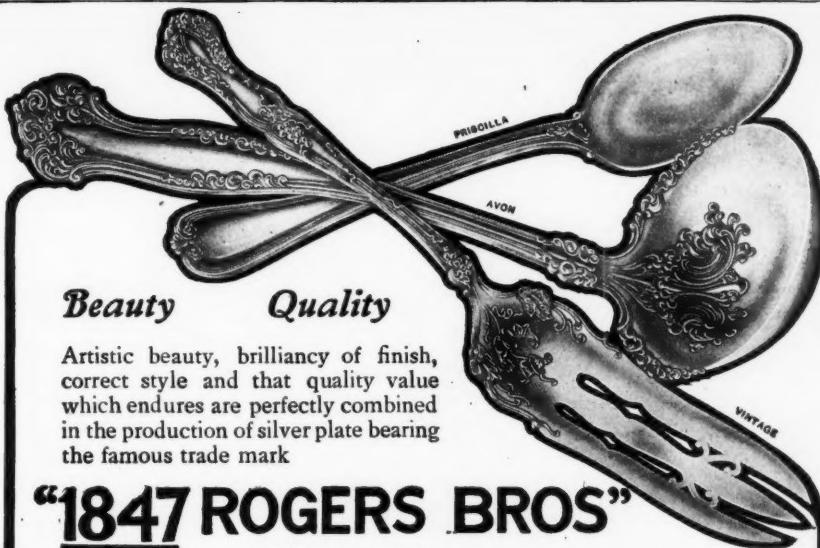
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"Proprietor of the Sanhedrin;
"Sole Proprietor of the Creed (copyrighted);
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"Sole Thinker for the First Church (and the others);
"Sole and Infallible Expounder of Doctrine, in life and in death;
"Sole permissible Discoverer, Denouncer, Judge and Executioner of Ostensible Hypnotists;
"Fifty-handed God of Excommunication—with a thunderbolt in every hand;
"Appointer and Installer of the Pastor of all the Churches—the Perpetual Pastor-Universal, *Science and Health*, 'the Comforter.'—*Harper's*.

THE appearance of a new novel, "A Knight of the Cumberland," by John Fox is a reminder that no one has jumped the literary mining claim he staked out in eastern Kentucky a good many years ago, and that the assay still shows a pretty good percentage of royalties to the ton. Incidentally, it recalls a genuine illustration of how praise ignorantly bestowed may excite amusement where it is meant to compel admiration. The occasion was a social gathering in Clark County, on the edge of the blue-grass, before the soil becomes so stony that they pick up petrified slabs of it with which to construct "run-mad" fences. A novel by Mr. Fox had recently made its appearance, and some one was reading a tribute thereto, extracted from the Eastern press. "Mr. Fox does not draw his mountaineers from superficial observation," ran the review. "To get character and local color he dwells with them, and enters into their lives."

"Yes, and at the same time so he may be within hearing of his father's dinner-bell," chirped up a critical young woman with a reputation as a wit. The remark was not meant maliciously; Kentuckians all love one another, since they are mostly bound by ties of blood. It was merely a gentle satire on the ingenuous reviewer, for Mr. Fox is himself of the Kentucky breed, and was "fotched up" in proximity to the mountains and the mountaineers he knows so well.



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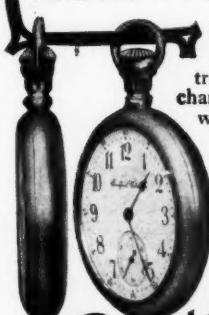
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The Best Tonic

combining as it does the nutritive and digestive elements of pure, rich barley malt with the quieting and tonic effects of the choicest hops. The system easily and thoroughly assimilates the nourishment offered in this predigested form. The patient is assured peaceful rest, and refreshing sleep. At the same time the appetite is stimulated, causing a desire for, and making possible the digestion of heavier foods, after which the road to recovery is short.

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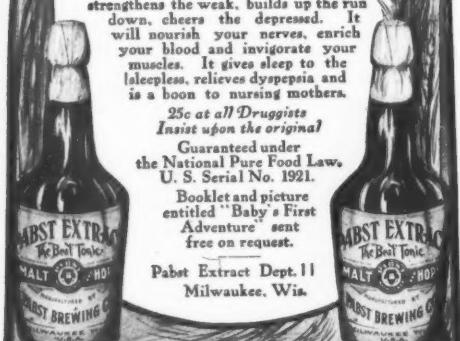
strengthens the weak, builds up the run down, cheers the depressed. It will nourish your nerves, enrich your blood and invigorate your muscles. It gives sleep to the sleepless, relieves dyspepsia and is a boon to nursing mothers.

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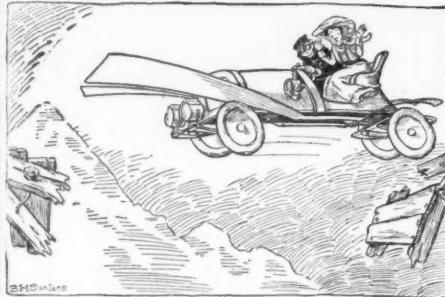
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"HEAVENS, WILLIAM! THE BRIDGE IS GONE."
"WHY, SO IT IS. BUT IT'S OF NO CONSEQUENCE WITH THESE MUD GUARDS."

Curing a Critic

THE daughter of a certain statesman has a husband who is disposed to be critical. Most of his friends are men of great wealth who live extremely well, and association with them has made him somewhat hard to please in the matter of cooking. For some time the tendency has been growing on him. Scarcely a meal at his home table passed without criticism from him.

"What is this meant for?" he would ask after tasting an entrée his wife had racked her brain to prepare.

"What on earth is this?" he would say when dessert came on.

"Is this supposed to be salad?" he would inquire sarcastically when the lettuce was served.

The wife stood it as long as she could. One evening he came home in a particularly captious humor. His wife was dressed in her most becoming gown and fairly bubbled over with wit. They went in to dinner. The soup tureen was brought in. Tied to one handle was a card, and on that card the information in a big, round hand:

"This is soup."

Roast beef followed with a placard announcing:
"This is roast beef."

The potatoes were labeled. The gravy-dish was placarded. The olives bore a card marked "Olives," the salad bowl carried a tag marked "Salad," and when the ice pudding came in a card announcing "This is ice pudding" was with it.

The wife talked of a thousand different things all through the meal, never once referring by word or look to the labeled dishes. Neither then nor thereafter did she say a word about them, and never since that evening has the captious husband ventured to inquire the name of anything set before him.—*Tit-Bits*.

How Bees Refuted the Scientists

MÄTERLINCK thinks it is man's vanity which causes him to doubt the proofs of intelligence in flowers and the lesser animal creatures. He relates in *Harper's Magazine* for March an incident to prove the intelligence of bees. Two English entomologists declared that they would admit the reasoning faculties of bees when it was proved that bees had ever "had the idea of substituting clay or mortar for wax and propolis." Just at this time another naturalist, Andrew Knight, made a cement of wax and turpentine, and with it coated the bark of trees. The bees at once used this new and unknown building material, which they found already prepared, and ceased gathering propolis altogether—thus proving that they not only had a new idea but acted upon it.



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A train which, *in less than sixty hours*, transports its guests to a realm of Latin skies and Latin passions, of romance and fantasy, of music and coquetry, of sunshine and unceasing good cheer! Is there nothing about it all that appeals to *you*?

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Our booklet descriptive of the new half-million dollar equipment and of the features of the route will be sent upon request. Address either H. C. Townsend, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, St. Louis, Mo., representing Gould lines, or W. F. Paton, 11 Broadway, New York, representing National lines.

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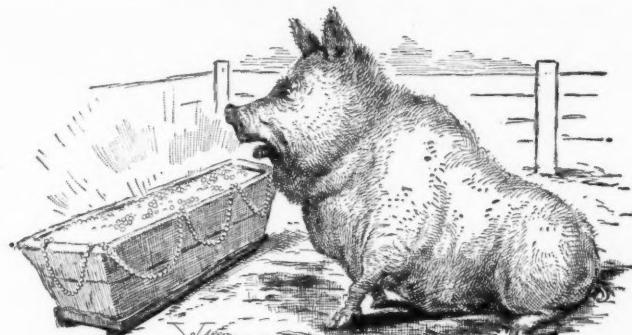


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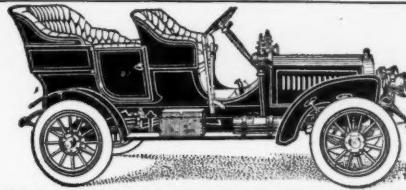
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Sole Agents New York



How a chauffeur “woke ‘em up” on automobile prices

A few of his profession were oiling their cars as he glided through the garage doorway.

"Hello, Nick! I didn't hear you comin'."

"That so? Well, you should have seen me goin' yesterday."

"You remember when I 'called' those fellows about sayin' they could skin this \$2000 Mitchell on the road with their \$500 wagons? Well, we went out, and you should have seen us—me and the Mitchell ate 'em all up—on the straightaways—on the hills—through sand and mud—over smooth parts, and rough parts—just ate 'em up."

"When we'd gone about a mile that big car of Dorsen's was roarin' like a threshin' machine—barkin' at my heels like a big dog—but she wasn't bittin' anything but my dust. And 'Billy Williams,' he stuck pretty close till we got to Old South Hill; I left him there, for his big 50-horse-power foreigner bucked on the climb—he used 50-broncho power for the buckin'. Geel! I had to laugh."

"There was five others started out to 'show me' that their cars were \$3000 better than the boss's \$2000 Mitchell, but I can't see it, for when I run in here at 9 o'clock last night I was just one hour ahead of the nearest man."

"We'd traveled 300 miles and run up against every test you can put a car to, and my motor was runnin' just as quiet when I finished as it is now. I tell you, the Mitchell people have got 'em all skinned on smoothin' out cylinders. These pistons are purty near air-tight, but they work as free as your arm."

"I guess those fellows must have told their bosses how the Mitchell beat their cars. I was over to see the Mitchell agent this mornin' about gettin' a top for cold weather. He said three of those owners called him up and wants demonstrations. Say, but that fellow's doing a business—seems like lots of people are gettin' woke up on this question of prices—they're just findin' out what me and my boss have known for a year."

"Yes, sir, if anyone who is in doubt about the car he wants will make a 50 or 500 mile test in a Mitchell like my boss did in this very car before he bought it, he'll be satisfied that the \$2000 Mitchell is the car for him. It will show him there ain't any use in paying \$5000 for a car. There ain't a car in the country can 'show me' anything this Mitchell hasn't got. I'm a professional chauffeur; I've driven 'em all and I know."

"Any Mitchell agent will take a man out if he's interested. If he don't know who the agent is he can write the Mitchell Motor Car Co., 135 Mitchell Street, Racine, Wis., and they'll tell him—and they'll send him an art catalogue for 10c."

"Well, the boss is waitin' for me. So long."

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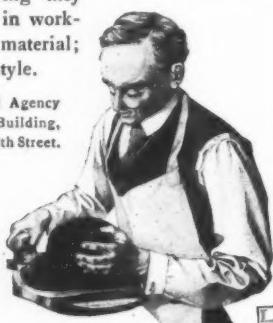
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is made of the finest fur and the finest stiffening tells only part of its history. The most skillful fingers must give enduring form and finish to the material.

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My Gentleman

I OWN a dog who is a gentleman. By birth most surely, since the creature can boast of a pedigree the like of which holds not a Howard or a Metternich.

By breeding. Since the walks of life he trod, He never wagged an unkind tail abroad. He never snubbed a nameless cur because Without a friend or credit card he was.

By pride. He looks you squarely in the face Unshrinking and without a single trace Of either diffidence or arrogant Assertion such as upstarts often flaunt.

By tenderness. The littlest girl may tear With absolute impunity his hair, And pinch his silken, flowing ears the while He smiles upon her—yes, I've seen him smile.

By loyalty. No truer friend than he Has come to prove his friendship's worth to me. He does not fear the master—knows no fear—But loves the man who is his master here.

By countenance. If there be nobler eyes, More full of honor and of honesties, In finer head, on broader shoulders found—Then have I never met the man or hound. Here is the motto on my lifeboat's log: "God grant I may be worthy of my dog!"

—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

GERMANY has recently voted to decide who are the twelve greatest men in the Fatherland. The list begins with the Emperor. The second choice is Gerhart Hauptmann, the dramatist. Robert Koch, the scientist, is third, and Ernest Haeckel and Wilhelm Conrad Roentgen, who have added to the scientific reputation of their country, are the fourth and fifth selections in the list. The sixth name is the present Chancellor of the empire, Prince von Buelow. Seventh and eighth are Max Klinger, the painter and sculptor, and Richard Strauss, who has been selected to represent music. August Bebel, the Socialist, and Count Haeseler, who is high in the military affairs of the country, are ninth and tenth. The eleventh niche was awarded to Ernest von Behring, the physician and scientist, and Reinhold Begas, the sculptor, completes the list.—New York Tribune.

The Esthete

Occasionally the Fairlight drawing room supplied a specimen of the esthete as Du Maurier was then drawing him in *Punch*. His dress was a complete suit of black velvet and salmon-colored stockings; he joined the shooting party, but he generally fell down when the gun went off. That, however, did not prevent his charming the ladies. "You do not look well, Mr. Maudle," said one of these. "Thanks. I am not ill; only tired. The fact is I picked a primrose in the wood yesterday; it seemed sick, and I have been sitting up all night with it."—From Mr. Escott's Country Houses.

"FIGHTING the President," said my Senator, after the compromise had been arranged, "is an interesting and exciting occupation, but it is not so profitable as it might be in these parlous times, because of the unfortunate and embarrassing mania our present President has for fighting back."—Saturday Evening Post.



Correct Cravats

Men of good taste are extremely critical in their choice of a Cravat—it must be distinctive, handsome, refined, and above all correct.

KEISER CRAVATS

are correctly cut and proportioned whether Four-in-Hand for day wear or a Tie for evening dress.

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An illustrated book "The Cravat" on the ethics of Correct Dress, sent anywhere on receipt of six cents in stamps.

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cocktail :



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When sepia toned, with Velox Re-Developer, Royal Velox has the delicacy and charm of an old etching.

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"Praise from Sir Hubert"

E-SENATOR "BILLY" MASON is quoted as telling of a trip made through the Northwest some years ago by a Congressional committee, comprising several Senators and Members. Among the number was Mr. Mason himself.

While in Montana, says Mr. Mason, he was much struck by the strength of character and manliness so characteristic of the men of that State. The committee was "put up" for several days by a rich miner, whose manner of thought and action, acquired in the rough days of prospecting and poverty, had in no wise been altered by his acquisition of great wealth.

When the time came to say good-by, the miner grasped Mason's hand, which he shook with great fervor. "Senator," said he, "we like you here. You're an Easterer and a public man, but you're no damned aristocrat! We've taken a great fancy to you, Mason, because you're free and easy, and no gentleman! In fact, you're just like us!"—*Harper's Weekly*.

Antique

YES, this tower goes back to William the Conqueror."

"What's the matter? Isn't it satisfactory?"—*New Orleans Times-Democrat*.

Nationality Changed Without Moving

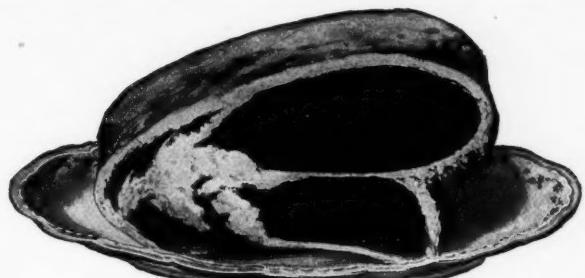
A CURIOUS illustration of the ups and downs of international politics comes from the Savoy village of Saint Jean de Maurienne, where a woman has died at the age of 93 in the village in which she was born, and without ever leaving it has had her nationality changed three times. She was born in 1814, and as Bonaparte had then seized the territory, she was "French." When the kingdom of Sardinia was reconstituted the same year, after his fall, she became "Italian," and finally, on Nice and Savoy being ceded to France in 1860, she once more found herself French.—*London Globe*.

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St. Anthony

THE press dispatches published in the Boston dailies stated that "the invitation extended to Anthony Comstock, the purity mentor of New York, to address the Pennsylvania Congress of Mothers at Johnstown on November first has been recalled." One of the prominent members is quoted as saying: "I myself have pictures and statuary in my home which are perfectly beautiful and which I know Mr. Comstock would destroy if he could."

It would seem from the above that the more thoughtful and healthily moral members of the Mothers' Association have no sympathy with prurient imaginations that see impurity and evil in things that to a healthy or normal mind suggest not only naught that is low or debasing, but that which is beautiful, pure and fine.

Now it may not be the case that Anthony Comstock has searched so long for that which is sensual, low or corrupt that his mind has reached the stage of the person who looks at the world through green glass. . . . Many of his acts of late years suggest the possibility of this state, or else that he is of that order of mind that so fears the power of evil over good that he believes that ignorance is the only helmet for virtue; that innocence born of ignorance is a better safeguard for our young men and women from the multitudinous pitfalls of civilized life than knowledge imparted by high-minded men and women with a view to making the young morally strong through knowledge coupled with appeals to the reason to think fundamentally, sanely and normally.

There was a time in the far-away past when minds of this order, that seemed to endow evil, and especially sensualism, with infinite potency, so distrusted the power of righteousness and virtue over their own minds that they fled to the deserts and to retreats, that their eyes might not even be tempted by the sight of women. Now for such persons it may be that the retreat or the desert is the healthiest place; but certainly, men who so exalt the potency of evil, and especially of sensualism, that they see grossness and vileness in the breathing statues that represent some of the noblest creations of genius of the ages should not be encouraged to pose as censors of morals, as they would inevitably teach the immature and unformed imagination of youth to look for things evil and degrading or sensual in nature and art instead of seeing beauty, nobility and purity, which the sane, healthy, artistic and informed mind sees in the master creations of the ages.

To us it seems that a mind so keen to scent out corruption and immorality where minds like that of Ralph Waldo Emerson would see only beauty, and so indiscriminate in its attacks on the good as well as the evil as is Mr. Comstock, is liable to work a vast amount of evil to the young and to the public imagination as a whole by centering the attention of people on evil rather than good, making them look for that which is debasing when they otherwise would see none of these things.

A recent issue of LIFE contained an admirable cartoon which hits off what many people believe to be Mr. Comstock's mental attitude. This cartoon represents Mr. Comstock as an angel flying to the gates of heaven, but St. Peter sternly forbids his entrance, saying, "No, Anthony, no; we may have things here you would object to." — *Trenton Leader.*

To Our Readers

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When, therefore, you see a brand of goods advertised with us, it generally means that this brand has been on the market for some time, that the goods are made with all the economies possible to the large producer (and so can be sold cheap, quality considered), are already more or less established in public favor, are widely distributed, and that a responsible firm is willing to back their merit with its money.

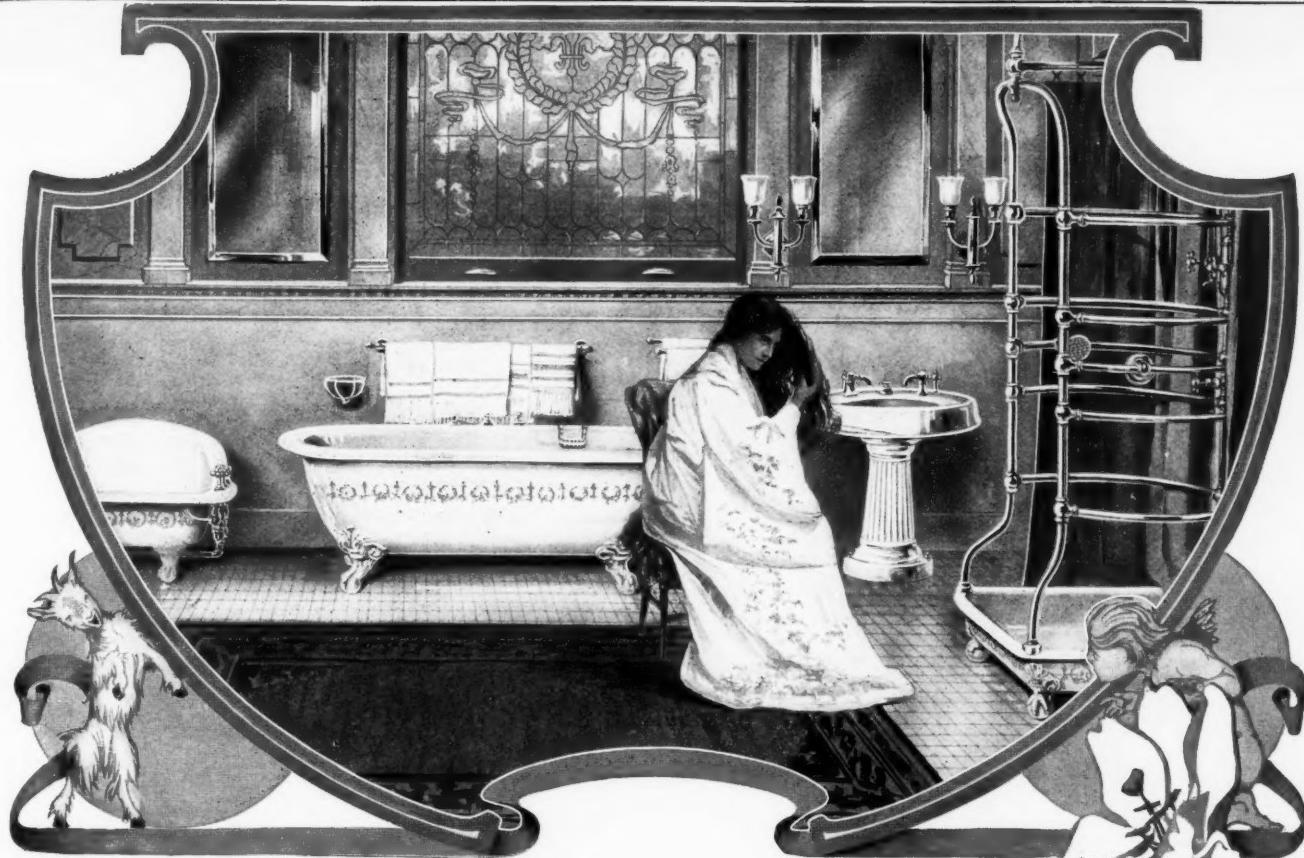
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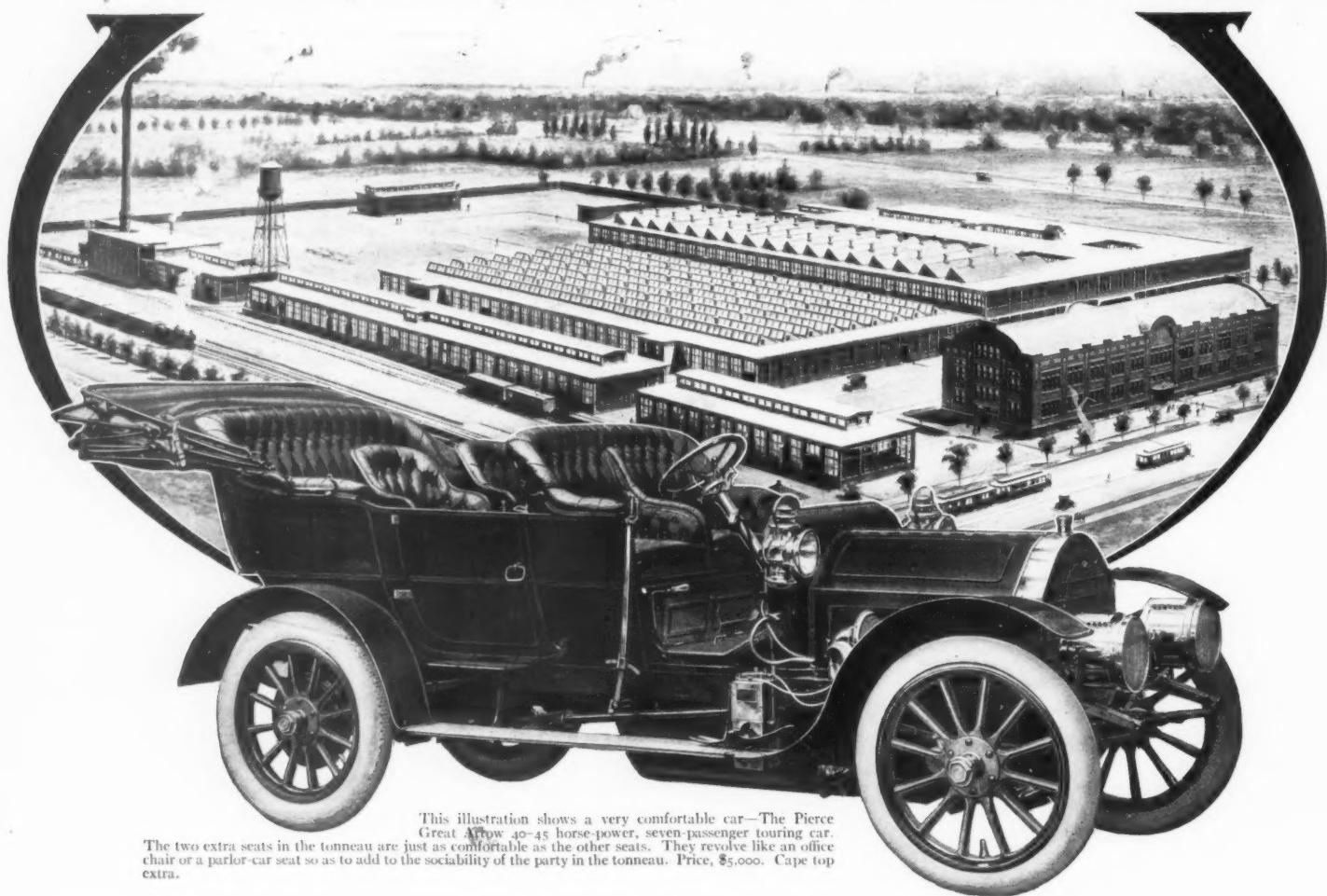


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